

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1918

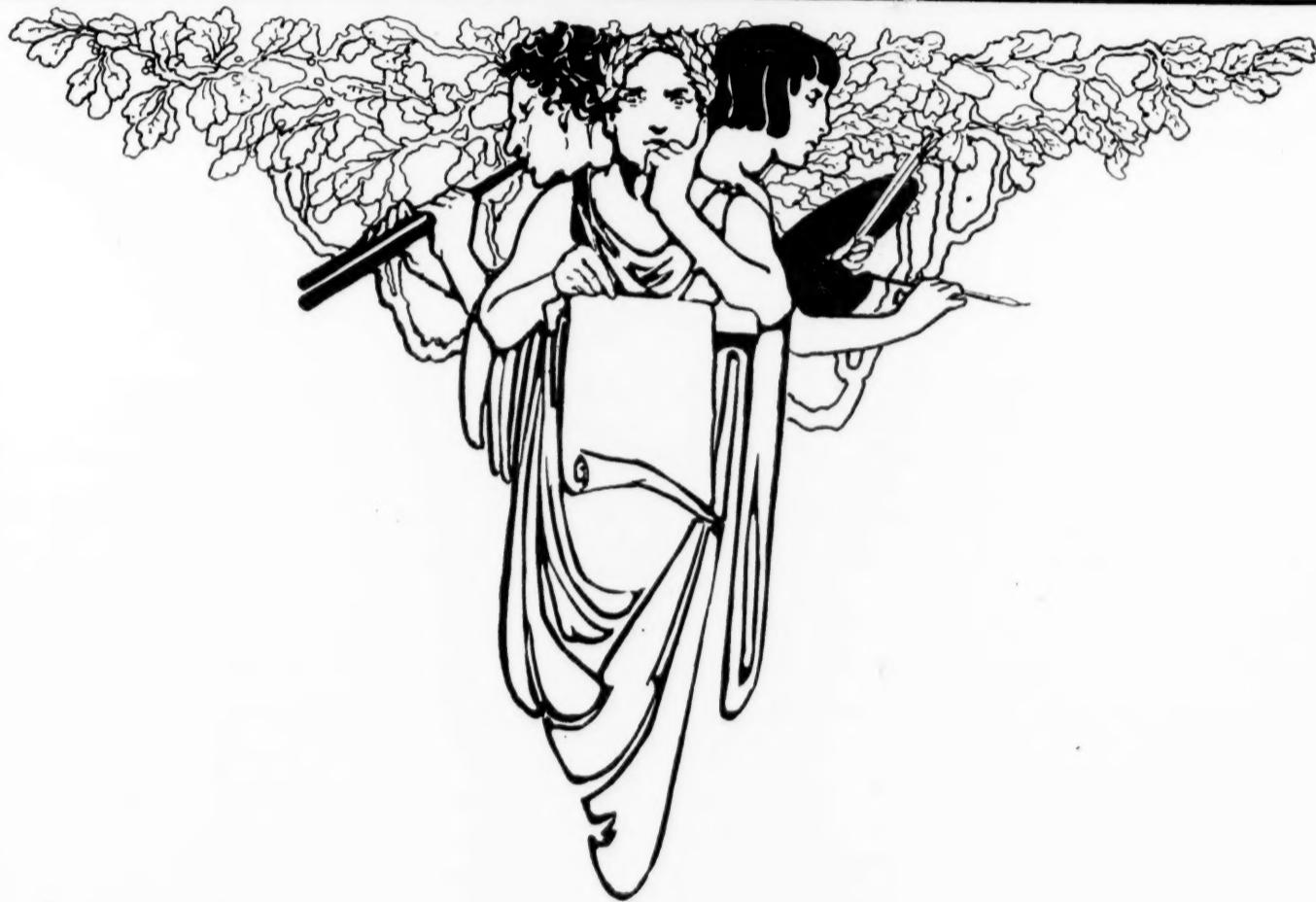
FEB 23 1918

Reedy's MIRROR

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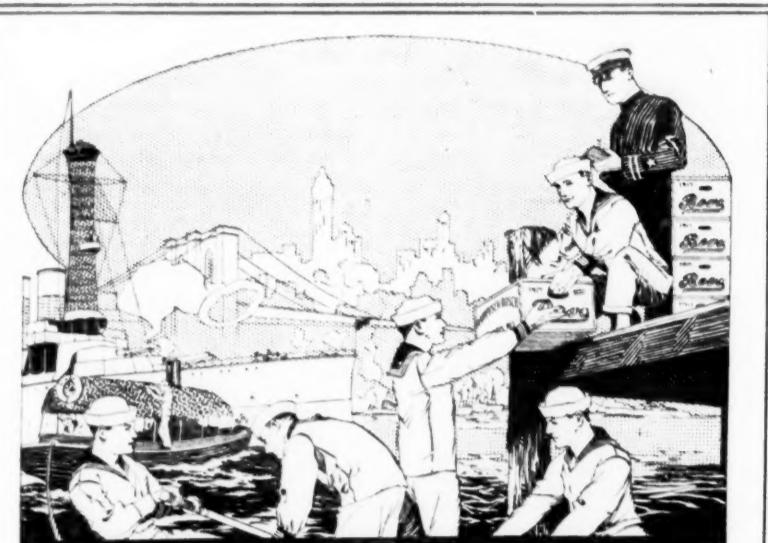
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Work of the British Navy

By Thomas R. Mather

Everybody pays a tribute to heroic France, and everybody knows about gas-masks, hand-grenades, and going "over the top" in the first-line trenches—not to mention the Bolsheviks; yet few of us realize more than subconsciously the heroic part the British navy has played in the war. In a sense we all know that there was a battle off the Falkland Islands, that an action took place on the Dogger banks, and that the battle of Jutland covered twenty thousand square miles of sea, but such facts are always in the far background of the mind. And when we think of navies, "German submarines!" alone is writ large at the point of our consciousness. Or if we go further in our thought of sea-warfare, possibly we think in a hazy way of Sir John Jellicoe and Admiral Sims, and wonder where they are and what they are doing. In fact, although we are "sub-conscious" that the allied navies, and the British navy in particular, have done and are doing a great deal, all these other things crowd to the front of our minds and allow no room for the quiet but effective watch-dogs of the sea. But the long story of heroism of the British navy reads like an epic of the ancient Norse, and is now told for us by two books which supplement each other with unexpected fittingness.

The first of these is W. MacNeile Dixon's "The British Navy at War" (Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston). Mr. Dixon, a professor in the University of Glasgow, has given a straightforward account of what the British navy really has done in the present war. This little volume is as authentic as it is exciting. All is told in an informing style, graphic and stirring. A good sea-fight, well told, has more romance than almost any other sort, and Mr. Dixon's sea-fights are well told. And then the facts about the British submarines are surely illuminating. We learn that the British submarine has done more than its bit. But above all else we learn what we knew before but did not fully comprehend—that the British navy has effectively driven German commerce from the seas, and kept Germany's modern navy mostly in port under the guns of friendly forts. It has only been the German submarine that has been able to venture forth, and that only because of her peculiar character of invisibility. Mr. Dixon's account makes no pretensions other than to give the facts. Still his style is enviable.

The other book, Mr. Rudyard Kipling's "Sea Warfare" (Doubleday Page and Co., Garden City, New York) gives not so much the facts but far more the spirit. When Mr. Kipling in recent years began writing for newspapers and occupying himself with things political, one could not but feel a falling off in his artistry. Whatever good he may have done by his new kind of writing, his work became hasty and unfinished as compared with much of his master-work. And now further, his writing is said, as it has increased in wartime quantity, to have lost in quality. He, as well as many other writers, has met the wartime demand on his authorship ineffectively. All of this is true, and necessarily true, for Mr. Kipling and others, much like the rest of us, must

now catch inspiration from a tremendous, moving drama with its myriad of facts and emotions. There is nothing but motion-flux of a thousand things incoherent and seemingly unrelated in the fleeting momentary instant that goes by and drops into the past. If one would write war books, there is no time to delay, no time to think out and through the mass of detail, no time to recollect emotions in reflective tranquility. All must be done now, and we as yet see the shifting scene in bits, sections, and perplexing contradictions. Indeed Mr. Kipling's wartime falling-off—if one fails to regard what was true of him before the war—is no great sin, for it is shared by many others. Only a stone can hold its equipoise in these times.

But there is hope even still, for the author's last book, "Sea Warfare," certainly catches the spirit in general of the British seafaring man, and in particular the mighty, dogged emotion of the warring British submarines. E-11, E-14, and other valiant boats become almost human for the reader; at least they become humanized monsters. Boats adequately personified is Kipling's accomplishment here! And the brave, determined men who guide these monsters are more identified with their boats than with their own personalities. The English people are a seafaring people, one knows; nevertheless one always feels that the bulk of them talk a great deal about the sea, but are for the most part land-lubbers like the rest of the terrestrial world. The great majority of English people become seasick like ordinary human beings. But there is a class whose distant ancestors were Vikings and whose immediate ancestors fought under Nelson, and who still follow the sea with almost regal pride. And it is this kind of man who is counting at present rather tremendously, and it is his spirit that Kipling has understood how to capture. On the side of style, one feels the common wartime haste shared by others, and this is unfortunate. But Mr. Dixon's book, which tells the facts, taken with Mr. Kipling's book, which catches the spirit, will serve for the reader, after all, as a rather good picture of what the British navy is worth to the world.

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Hagiographical

It happened during the convention week of a well-known Catholic society. A gentleman named O'Sullivan, who was employed by the hotel in the capacity of a taxi driver, was deputed to attend to the wants of his co-religionists. On Sunday morning four of these appeared on the sidewalk and O'Sullivan awaited their orders. "St. Joseph's church, please," said one. "Take me to St. Patrick's," demanded another. "I'll go to St. Stephen's," said the third. "And I to St. John's," declared the fourth. "Get in, gentlemen," said the affable chauffeur, holding open the door; and when his passengers were comfortably seated, the vehicle moved majestically down the street. Presently it stopped before an imposing stone edifice, and O'Sullivan said blandly: "Here you are, gentlemen!" "What church is this?" Which one of us leaves you here?" demanded the quartette. "All of ye," said O'Sullivan. "Begorra, this is All Saints' church!"

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WILLIAM M. REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

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WORK OF THE BRITISH NAVY: By Thomas R. Mather	Front Cover

The Poet on War

I KNOW of no one who has been in the war whom I would rather hear talk of it than John Masefield. He is a poet of the first rank—a poet of democracy. He knows the poetry and the prose of work, of soldiering and sailing and horse-driving on the pampas. He saw the tragedy of Gallipoli and told it unforgettable. He has told us of the old front on the Somme. As poet, John Masefield has vision. He has seen the war; he sees the future. He will speak on "The War and the Future" this evening at the Odeon for the benefit of Kingdom House. Lovers of poetry, sustainers of righteous war, holders by faith in the future—all these should hear him.

Concerning the Arbitrary

By W. M. R.

IN the letter following, Mr. Jackson Johnson, president of the St. Louis Chamber of Commerce, states the case against the arbitrary on coal shipped into this city from points within a one hundred mile limit to the east. For lucidity and directness of force the statement could not possibly be excelled. It puts the arbitrary in a clearer light for everybody.

ST. LOUIS CHAMBER OF COMMERCE 510 Locust Street

Jackson Johnson, President	L. Wade Childress, Third Vice-President
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Fourth City Industry—Commerce—Civics

Phones: Central 7565 Main 4620

February 11th, 1918.
File A-34-17

Mr. William M. Reedy, Editor,
Reedy's Mirror,
St. Louis, Mo.

My dear Mr. Reedy:—

I have read with much interest your comments on the arbitrary in your edition of February 8th, and appreciate the importance of the phases to which you refer regarding land values and factory sites, and am greatly pleased to note that we agree so thoroughly on the fundamental features.

I have in mind large tracts of land in the city which might be purchased at reasonable prices, either by the city or some civic organization, and developed for factory sites, provided ample railroad facilities could be furnished and freight rates so adjusted that there would be no discrimination with respect to any section within the commercial zone of St. Louis, which logically embraces the cities on the east bank adjacent to the river.

The particular phase of the subject, however, to which I desire to direct your attention at this time, is that with respect to the arbitrary as referred to in the concluding paragraph of your article, wherein you state: "St. Louis may break away from the arbitrary—which isn't so arbitrary in my opinion, being, as it is, a charge for service." I am referring to this specifically because I am convinced from your view of it that you, like many others interested in the subject, are not in possession of all of the facts bearing on the case.

The arbitrary is not predicated on service so much as upon commercial conditions affecting the carriers themselves. The coal rates, which are practically the important rates under consideration, are made from groups of mines in Illinois. The group from which the larger percentage of the eight million tons of coal consumed in this district is shipped, embraces a territory of approximately four thousand square miles. These rates are made the same from points within that zone eight and ten miles from East St. Louis as from points seventy-two miles from East St. Louis, and apply to points on the east bank of the river in all of that consuming territory, including Alton, Ill., at the same rate as is applied to East St. Louis, although, if you please, coal originating on the Chicago & Alton passes through Alton to reach East St. Louis twenty-three miles south of Alton. If the rates were based on service, East St. Louis should take a much higher rate than Alton. The fact is the mines are so grouped, as stated, for the benefit of the long haul carriers having mines on their tracks which could not be developed or kept in operation if it were not for the fact that the higher rate of transportation is maintained by the short haul lines, or coal carrying lines, that are maintained and sustained almost entirely by the transportation of coal produced by interests closely allied to these short haul lines. If it were a question of service, the Wabash railroad should deliver coal to the west bank of the river at a lower rate than it delivers it to points on the east bank

of the river, because the distance is less from the mines on the Wabash railroad to the west bank of the river by the way of the Merchants' bridge, than it is from the same mines to the team tracks of the Wabash railroad in East St. Louis. Again—the mines in the southern district of Illinois reached by the Missouri Pacific railroad are nearer to the industries in the city of St. Louis on the Missouri Pacific railroad than to the industries at Granite City, to which the rate is twenty cents per ton lower from the same mines, than to the industries in St. Louis. The Missouri Pacific hauls its coal for St. Louis across its Ivory ferry, in the vicinity of Carondelet, when river conditions will permit, and with its own power across the bridges of the Terminal Railroad Association when the ferry cannot be used; and the Wabash hauls its coal for St. Louis with its own power across the Merchants' Bridge. Hence, in neither case does the Terminal Railroad Association render any service, except by lease or trackage right, in giving to these railroads the use of its bridge or trackage facilities.

I believe you will agree with me, therefore, that independently of all other conditions which you have clearly described and which, of course, should be adjusted along the lines indicated in my inaugural address to which you have referred, the rates on coal to this commercial district should be made so that there shall be no discrimination with respect to the cost to the consumer of this important item of fuel. Evidently the zone rate to which I have referred is made to protect the interests of the railroads by stimulating production on an equitable basis. Therefore, our interests should be protected by a rate the same to all consumers of coal whether on the east bank or the west bank of the river, so that there shall be no discrimination prejudicial to any industry within this commercial zone. Surely if this unequal service of hauling coal seventy-two miles at the same rate charged for hauling it eight miles is justifiable in the coal producing zone, in order to protect the interests of the railroads the same character of service at the same rates should be given to this zone of consumption, so that our industries may be operated on the same equitable basis.

To illustrate, and as typical of the general situation, we have packing houses on this bank of the river in competition with those on the east bank. The Interstate Commerce Commission has recently decided that the rates on live stock from all points in Missouri, regardless of distance from the west bank of the Mississippi river, shall be the same to East St. Louis as to St. Louis. The rates on the output of the packing houses, whether located east or west of the river in this district, are the same substantially to all consuming points in the country. Hence, the packers on the east side, like many other manufacturers, can get their raw material from Missouri at the same rate as the packers in St. Louis who are obliged to pay twenty cents per ton more for the coal used in manufacturing, and can distribute the output at equal rates with their west side competitors. You will therefore observe that the adjustment of these coal rates is not solely for the purpose of establishing new industries on the west bank of the river; but that all industries may be developed and maintained within the entire commercial district of St. Louis on both sides of the river on a just and equitable basis in every respect within the power of this community to establish.

Cordially yours,
JACKSON JOHNSON,
President.

I am not an expert in rate-making, but it seems to me that the arbitrary, which the Terminal Association calls a "differential," is a rate question. At least the solution of the difficulty seems to lie in a change of the rate on coal. The Terminal Association maintains that the charge of twenty cents a ton on coal between East St. Louis is a charge for service in a region of eighty square miles and over about three hundred miles of track, with one rate for delivery at any point on that trackage; in short, that it is a switching charge. The opinion of the United States supreme court seems to uphold this contention.

It is my understanding that a difference exists in

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the rate between the two sides of the river on shipments from an inner zone west of St. Louis. As St. Louisans have to pay one cent per hundred weight on-coal from within the one hundred mile eastern limit, East St. Louisans have to pay the same charge on sand, gravel and other crude material. So that it is not true, as many believe, that the western roads absorb all the charges between St. Louis and East St. Louis on goods going east, while the eastern roads make the people pay the charges on goods coming west.

In the matter of the decision as to shipments of cattle from the west to East St. Louis at the same rate as to St. Louis, making the two cities one zone, the Terminal Association points out that this one zone arrangement has come about through an increase of the rate on cattle and the imposition of a charge of \$2.50 per car for switching to the packers on both sides of the river, a charge which the packers are preparing most vehemently to protest. The one rate on cattle is a higher rate to both sides of the river.

The coal rate from all the mines in the one hundred mile limit to East St. Louis is made on the theory that it would be unwise to leave that city and this at the mercy of the nearer mines. The rate is made uniform to provide a steady and plentiful supply. A flat mileage rate would shut out the mines located farther away from the place of demand. Much of the coal, most of it, that comes to East St. Louis is carried on small roads. It is a short haul. The rate is such that when it comes to transferring the coal to St. Louis over the bridges and terminals, these small short-haul roads cannot absorb the charge thereon by paying it to the Terminal Association. It would, according to some railroad experts, take all the profit out of the transportation, and there must be some profit, to enable the short coal-lines to continue in business. Of course East St. Louis is nearer to the coal deposits than St. Louis is, and of course it insists upon an advantage in rates on that account as St. Louis did in the matter of its greater nearness to the cattle supply. This is a contention in which East St. Louis is sustained by the Illinois railroad commissioners. That commission insists that East St. Louis shall have a rate based upon its more favorable location. It is hard to see why the railroads should not consider the claims of the smaller city as being as worthy as the claims of the larger city. Mr. Folk says that East St. Louis' favorable situation is not that it is nearer to the coal mines, but that it is nearer to St. Louis. The railroads say that the rates were made to East St. Louis as a terminus, before there were any bridges to this side, and the provision of facilities for transfer involved a vast expenditure, the upkeep of which must be provided for out of the cost of service. This service is not merely the carrying of coal over the bridges: it is a switching service, too, at a uniform rate throughout seventy or eighty square miles of territory on this side of the river. The Terminal makes such charge, though not so heavy, on coal from the southern mines that is carried to Madison and Granite City to the north of East St. Louis. It is a charge for service. Supreme Justice White said in the opinion on the Terminal case that it would be flagrant repugnancy to the Act to Regulate Commerce, to make a provision so fixing and perpetuating for the future, rates on traffic coming into East St. Louis from the one hundred mile zone, as to compel the commodities transported to East St. Louis to be carried from there across the river to their point of destination in St. Louis without any transportation charge whatever. The Supreme Justice asserted that such a provision would not be validated by its being applicable only to the Terminal Association as a combination in restraint of trade, which the court ruled the Terminal was not, or at least would not be when it conformed to certain indicated requirements.

Now as to the cattle case recently decided. Upon that the case against the arbitrary will probably turn. Upon that Mr. Folk, counsel for the Chamber of Commerce, will shortly argue for the abolition of

the arbitrary before the members representing the trunk line railroads composing the Terminal Association. Mr. Charles H. Huff, municipal expert of the *Star*, which has taken away from the *Post-Dispatch* its quarter of a century fight against the Terminal, indicates in the *Star* of Tuesday evening the hope of the solution of the arbitrary. That hope is, in effect, that the coal matter will be dealt with in exactly the way the cattle matter was dealt with. That is by an increase of the rate to enable the roads to absorb some of the arbitrary or differential. That is to say, the coal rate from the mines to East St. Louis will be raised to an extent sufficient to enable them to absorb some if not all of the cost of transporting the coal to St. Louis. The roads will carry coal at a higher rate to East St. Louis and out of that higher rate will pay the Terminal for carrying the coal to St. Louis. That's what was done as to the cattle rates to this point. A higher rate was made common to both sides of the river, and a switching charge of \$2.50 per car added. The railroads, Mr. Huff thinks, "may prepare new tariffs voluntarily removing the discriminating differential in St. Louis rates." Where would that leave the situation? Mr. Huff answers:

Such action by the railroads would shift the fight to one between the railroads and East St. Louis, there being little doubt that East St. Louis would at once undertake to have such new tariffs suspended. In such event, of course, St. Louis would be lined up with the railroads, and the real burden of the fray would be upon the shoulders of East St. Louis. The east side city, together with adjacent Illinois communities, would be in the position then of beseeching the Interstate Commerce Commission to restore a state of discrimination against St. Louis in the matter of railroad rates.

St. Louis would appear to have the same tender feeling for East St. Louis that Germany had and has for Belgium. It is ready to line up with the railroads against East St. Louis to increase the cost of coal to that smaller city as a means of reducing the cost to this city. By so much as is added to the coal cost to East St. Louis, this city shall have benefit in a reduction of the cost of getting coal from East St. Louis. That does not seem to me to be fair to East St. Louis. It looks like a proposal to rectify a discrimination against the larger city by establishing a discrimination against the smaller one, and then to put the smaller city in wrong by forcing it into the attitude of pleading for a restoration of a discrimination in its favor.

Whether the railroads can raise the rate to East St. Louis in spite of the opposition of the Illinois Railroad Commission, I don't know. Mr. Folk says the Interstate Commerce Commission has such authority over intrastate rates, said authority being definitely established in the Shreveport case. But it seems to me that there are but two answers to the arbitrary riddle. Either the service of carrying coal to St. Louis shall be performed for nothing, or the rate to East St. Louis must be so raised that the roads shall be enabled to knock off the extent of that raise from the rate to this city, thus making the rate to both cities the same. The former is impossible. The latter is fine for this city, but hell for East St. Louis. What a huge roar there will be in congress from the Illinois delegation over the attempt to crush the little town in the interest of the big one!

But as I said at the beginning, I'm not a rate-making expert. I'm giving here the considerations that run counter to Mr. Johnson's able argument. They are the answer of the Terminal Association and its component roads, of course; but they are the answer of East St. Louis, Granite City, Madison and about one hundred thousand people on the other side of the river, who have rights as well as we seven or eight hundred thousand people on this side. I am still open to illumination upon this subject. If the arbitrary is keeping the city back I want it removed. But I don't think it is good law or good morals to remove the coal-rate burden on St. Louis by throwing it on East St. Louis.

This whole matter has been up before the Inter-

state Commerce Commission, of which Mr. Folk was counsel for five years prior to his becoming counsel for the St. Louis Chamber of Commerce, and it is strange that that wise body never conceived the notion of raising the coal rate to East St. Louis sufficiently to enable the coal roads to absorb the added rate to this side of the river. So far as concerns our free bridge as a means of breaking the arbitrary, it seems to me that it doesn't matter what ordinances this city has enacted with regard to its use; the way to get the bridge into use is to turn it over to the government and let the Interstate Commerce Commission fix the terms of its use as an instrumentality of interstate commerce. As a bridge offered free, of course its use cannot be charged for, but privately owned terminals connecting with the bridge will be charged for. There's the arbitrary again: it's inherent in private human nature. If we can get rid of the arbitrary—*raus mit uns!* But I cherish still the delusion that small cities have rights which large cities are bound to respect.



Reflections

By William Marion Reedy

A Yankee Notion

AS was expected there is trouble in Great Britain over the unification of authority in the conduct of the war by the allies. General Sir William Robertson, chief of staff, has refused to accept subordination to the British member of the Allied Council. The army is a strong social and political force in England. It doesn't like the present government, or at least the leading personalities thereof, any too well. Possibly it doesn't especially like the idea of a war for democracy. We recall that early in 1914 the army was somewhat infected with the spirit of mutiny. It was quite resolved that while it would gladly fight against the southern Irish it would not act against Carson's Ulster covenanters who were threatening revolt if an attempt were made to enforce home rule. Gen. Robertson ought to be a democrat, because he rose from menial position, but you can't always tell about such men. A character in the "Spoon River Anthology" warns us to beware of the man who has risen to power from one suspender. It is fairly plain that in anticipation of the action of the Versailles council, the military elements, led by Colonel Repington, the military critic, endeavored to inaugurate a political offensive against the government on the theory that the civil authorities were disorganizing the army high command and therefore inviting defeat. Colonel Repington left the London *Times* and went with the London *Post* to carry on his campaign. The government indicted him for betraying military secrets. That rather broke the back of the military cabal. And now Premier Lloyd-George has told the Commons that the Versailles council had to unify command and devise co-ordination of action chiefly because the United States had declared, through Colonel House, that it wanted assurance that its contribution of strength to the forces in the field would not be frittered away. Two months ago Lloyd-George had told the world, in one speech at Paris and another at London, that lack of co-operation and co-ordination had almost lost the war. The proof was only too apparent to everyone. Gallipoli was one case in point. The repulse and rout of Cadorna in Italy was another. There was bad management at Cambrai. From these and other surface indications the veriest tyros in strategy and tactics could easily deduce the existence of dissensions among the military leaders. A war could not continue to be fought under such conditions and especially a war just approaching its climacteric conflict with a rested, recuperated enemy. The generals were not agreeing. They had their conflicting theories, their jealousies and envies. Some power above them had to summon them to co-operation to definite ends. So the United States said and so the statesmen of the allies saw. The United States said it wanted to know what the

job was to be done and it wanted that job started with everyone agreeing down to the details as to how it was to be done. That was plain common sense. The war could not be fought with the different forces going wild for immediate objects and neglecting a general plan to an ultimate purpose. So the Versailles council took charge and laid out a plan. That plan Sir William Robertson could not assent to consistently with his personal dignity, so he goes into another service. A General Wilson supplants him in authority. England does not rise against the indignity to Robertson. The country accepts the situation and supports Lloyd-George. The country is right. General Sir William Robertson is, if we may trust the analogies of history, no great soldier. The great soldiers are those who have taken their medicine from their governments. The petulant, huffy, hypersensitive general who senses an affront in every suggestion and an insult in every difference of opinion has never done the immortally big thing in war. He has removed himself from the possibility of doing it, by resigning, or he has sulked and spoiled plans he should have carried out with all his heart. We had lots of such generals in our civil war—touch-me-nots who couldn't use themselves and couldn't be used effectively. We got rid of them. Some of them were very popular, too. All of them knew more than Mr. Lincoln did, in their own opinion. The men who stuck in spite of misunderstanding, the men who hid the hurts to their pride and went on with their task with the best grace they could muster—those men won the war and undying fame. Americans don't know much about the technique of war, but they know football and baseball, and they know that the way to win any big end calling for the services of many men is by teamwork. The Versailles council establishes a plan and system of team-work. Now that our forces are there they want to know, where do we go from here? After that they want to know when they start, and how the job is planned, and then the word is, "Go to it." The war is to be fought on this Yankee notion. It's a democratic notion, too. The other notion—that of separately directed national forces co-operating but loosely—almost lost the war. Our way is the way in which it will be won.

♦♦

Mantell the Mighty

ROBERT BRUCE MANTELL is a great actor, the last now of a mighty tribe. In his presentation of "Richelieu" at the Jefferson Sunday night he was the cardinal upon whom the years had crept in such numbers that his frame was frail and his hand palsied, but whose intellect was undimmed and whose will moulded the destinies of France. He gave no hint of the crafty unprincipled churchman some historians would have us believe *Richelieu* to have been. Instead he portrayed the brilliant statesman, distinguished for his disinterested love of France, his honesty of purpose, his justice in an age of adventurers. He is shown as the one strong mind and firm hand which saved France from disaster and disintegration. Withal it was a very human *Richelieu* that Mantell gave us, enjoying and aiding the love affair of Julie and de Mauprat, tantalizing the excellent Joseph, blindly fond, as any other author, of his own execrable verse. One may prefer the *Richelieu* of Dumas and those immortal Musketeers but why dispute the only too disputable, now? Suffice it that there was true art in Mr. Mantell's every gesture, in every shade of his most mobile face, in every tone of his superb voice. As *Hamlet* on Tuesday evening, he was not always so perfect, but nonetheless consistent in his conception of the character. Mantell's *Hamlet* is a pacifist—torn between his inherited belief in a son's duty to avenge the wrong done his father and his inherent horror of committing any violence, his agony augmented by the fear of the hereafter. I shouldn't say that the Prince as Mantell conceives him is insane, but he is bewildered in his infirmity of will. And we forgive him all because he is such a poet and philosopher. The version of "Hamlet" given was disappointing only in so far as it omitted some of the more familiar speeches written for

characters other than *Hamlet*. No one is ever reconciled to the acting "cuts" in this play. If you know it, everything seems important, nay, necessary, but *Hamlet* in the whole is one of the things that made the poet say of Shakespeare that "panting time toiled after him in vain." We couldn't have all of "Hamlet" these days. We must be content with all that can be packed in three hours of *Hamlet*. Of Mr. Mantell's advertisedly "distinguished" company at least four qualified: Miss Genevieve Hamper, Fritz Leiber, Frank Peters and John Wray. Miss Hamper's beauty and grace would make her pleasing in any role but it was as *Ophelia* that she really showed her ability; her rendition of that part showed the tragedy of the play as did nothing else and her voice was a harp which vibrated to all her emotions. Frank Peters' quiet acting transformed the silent Capuchin into a fully rounded part second only to that of *Richelieu*, and his manner of delivering *Polonius'* fatuously bombastic lines left that statesman without an inkling of his own ridiculous pose. Still as to the others, they may but suffer in contrast with Mantell, his noble port, his fine eye, his rich, vibrant, searching voice. Yes; Mantell is a tragedian compeer of any predecessor. Almost he too is now a tradition to a world that has gone astray after musical comedy "Girls" and the movies. If you love large, spacious, inspiring acting, do not neglect Mantell.

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Postal Savings and Liberty Bonds

We are told Treasurer McAdoo has decided upon another Liberty bond drive for the first of April. In this connection one might suggest to him that the hoardings of the poor now being entrusted to the postal savings banks could be invested in these bonds to the advantage alike of the depositing poor and the government. Under the present arrangement the depositors receive only two per cent; were their funds invested in Liberty bonds they could be paid three and a half or four, and since the government is borrowing money at four per cent it seems only right that the very poor should be allowed to profit thereby. In this way the government would secure the use of money that it could not otherwise get, for it is well known that the greater number of the patrons of the postal savings banks are not merely the very poor but the foreign born poor—Russians, Italians, Austrians, Greeks, people whom the excellent thrift stamp scheme would never interest. The only losers under such an arrangement would be the ordinary banking institutions, to whom the government now lends its postal savings funds at two and a half per cent. This condition is entertainingly discussed by Professor Alvin Johnson in a review in *The New Republic*, of Professor Kemmerer's excellent little book on "Postal Savings" published by the Princeton University Press. The facts are Kemmerer's, the moral inferences, Johnson's. Just why the government should favor rich commercial institutions to this extent is not immediately apparent to the fair-minded citizen, says Professor Johnson. The postal savings banks were not established for the particular gain of the government but for the aid and encouragement of the poor—persons who could not afford to take even the small risk inherent in the soundest of private banking institutions. Their necessity demanded the guaranty of nothing less stable than the national government, and therefore their necessity likewise demands from a benevolent government the highest possible rate of interest. The question arises as to why the government takes their money at two per cent and lends it to the commercial banks—whose owners and depositors are the rich and the comparatively rich—at two and a half per cent, which banks in turn are enabled to pay their depositors four per cent. Another item which works to the hardship of the patron of the postal savings banks is the refusal of the government to pay interest on deposits under a year, so that if a depositor withdraws his money after six months he gets no interest at all; yet the government has lent his money as deposited from day to day to the commercial banks and has received interest on it for full time. This

ruling costs the trusting poor of the United States in excess of half a million dollars a year. In one other respect, too, the government is less generous to its depositors than are the private banks, for while the latter compound interest left on deposit from year to year the government does not. Therefore it would seem to be wise for the government to invest the postal savings in Liberty bonds and let the poor man derive the profit. The banks might lose a certain amount of business, but they might put up with that, rather than "continue under a system in which," Professor Johnson says, "they are virtually filching millions of tarnished pennies" from the poor.

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The Russian Jumble

THE Bolsheviks are preparing to submit to the imposition of order upon Russia by Germany. Their theory is that the people of Germany seeing their non-resistant Russian brothers overrun by the military powers will be moved to rise in resentment against it and bring about thus the downfall of German autocracy. It is a fond hope, but not wholly delusive, if we are to believe what we read in the cablegrams from London to the effect that important and influential German and Austrian newspapers condemn hostile action against Russia. Austria seems to be especially averse to renewing war against a people who have quit fighting. It is not improbable that the German people who were lured into the war through carefully fostered fear and hatred of Russia see the atrociousness of warring upon a defenseless country that has repudiated all aggressive desire or intention against the Fatherland. The German Foreign Minister von Kuhlemann declares that his country can put no faith in the pacific intentions of Russia, and the German armies continue to advance into Russian territory, absolutely unopposed. What territory the Germans occupy they will hold until their grip is broken by the allies. In addition to territory the Germans will get supplies, which we are told are there in amounts almost more than can be soon moved. Those supplies will be of great help to Germany in the coming drive against the allies on the western front. It is hardly probable that those supplies will be dealt with in any spirit of consideration for the Russians. They will get just what they will fight for; that is, nothing. Lenin and Trotzky say that the German troops move against Russia without giving the seven days' notice agreed upon in the treaty of December 15, but they say also that the Council of the People's Commissioners is ready to sign a peace treaty. Another story is that Krylenko, the commander of the navy, has ordered that when and where Germans are met the Russians shall enter into pourparlers with them and propose to refrain from fighting, but "if the Germans refuse then you must offer to them every possible resistance." How to reconcile the offering of resistance with a willingness to accept a dictated peace, passes ordinary understanding. The whole situation is as disarticulated and incoherent as a Russian novel. One wonders if there is not in Russia some force that is antagonistic to the Bolshevik quietism. It is almost inconceivable that in such a vast realm there should be left absolutely no spirit of nationalism such as exists in every other country in the world. What has become of those armies that fought so well in the early stages of the war? And is there no class of people who would rather be Russians under any conditions than Germans under the best conditions? Now and then we read that the Bolsheviks are losing their power, but there is nothing to substantiate the statement. If there is any revolt against Lenin and Trotzky it is excellently well kept out of the news. In all history we have never before heard of a governmentless government carrying on so successfully as the Bolsheviks. By analogy the Bolsheviks should be gradually losing their grip by reason of the natural growth of strength among people who have an interest in law and order and especially property, but the propertied people in Russia are as if dead. The world is looking for a conservative reaction that doesn't come. Well, the conservatives must be very few in Russia as com-

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the rate between the two sides of the river on shipments from an inner zone west of St. Louis. As St. Louisans have to pay one cent per hundred-weight on-coal from within the one hundred mile eastern limit, East St. Louisans have to pay the same charge on sand, gravel and other crude material. So that it is not true, as many believe, that the western roads absorb all the charges between St. Louis and East St. Louis on goods going east, while the eastern roads make the people pay the charges on goods coming west.

In the matter of the decision as to shipments of cattle from the west to East St. Louis at the same rate as to St. Louis, making the two cities one zone, the Terminal Association points out that this one zone arrangement has come about through an increase of the rate on cattle and the imposition of a charge of \$2.50 per car for switching to the packers on both sides of the river, a charge which the packers are preparing most vehemently to protest. The one rate on cattle is a higher rate to both sides of the river.

The coal rate from all the mines in the one hundred mile limit to East St. Louis is made on the theory that it would be unwise to leave that city and this at the mercy of the nearer mines. The rate is made uniform to provide a steady and plentiful supply. A flat mileage rate would shut out the mines located farther away from the place of demand. Much of the coal, most of it, that comes to East St. Louis is carried on small roads. It is a short haul. The rate is such that when it comes to transferring the coal to St. Louis over the bridges and terminals, these small short-haul roads cannot absorb the charge therefor by paying it to the Terminal Association. It would, according to some railroad experts, take all the profit out of the transportation, and there must be some profit, to enable the short coal-lines to continue in business. Of course East St. Louis is nearer to the coal deposits than St. Louis is, and of course it insists upon an advantage in rates on that account as St. Louis did in the matter of its greater nearness to the cattle supply. This is a contention in which East St. Louis is sustained by the Illinois railroad commissioners. That commission insists that East St. Louis shall have a rate based upon its more favorable location. It is hard to see why the railroads should not consider the claims of the smaller city as being as worthy as the claims of the larger city. Mr. Folk says that East St. Louis' favorable situation is not that it is nearer to the coal mines, but that it is nearer to St. Louis. The railroads say that the rates were made to East St. Louis as a terminus, before there were any bridges to this side, and the provision of facilities for transfer involved a vast expenditure, the upkeep of which must be provided for out of the cost of service. This service is not merely the carrying of coal over the bridges: it is a switching service, too, at a uniform rate throughout seventy or eighty square miles of territory on this side of the river. The Terminal makes such charge, though not so heavy, on coal from the southern mines that is carried to Madison and Granite City to the north of East St. Louis. It is a charge for service. Supreme Justice White said in the opinion on the Terminal case that it would be flagrant repugnancy to the Act to Regulate Commerce, to make a provision so fixing and perpetuating for the future, rates on traffic coming into East St. Louis from the one hundred mile zone, as to compel the commodities transported to East St. Louis to be carried from there across the river to their point of destination in St. Louis without any transportation charge whatever. The Supreme Justice asserted that such a provision would not be validated by its being applicable only to the Terminal Association as a combination in restraint of trade, which the court ruled the Terminal was not, or at least would not be when it conformed to certain indicated requirements.

Now as to the cattle case recently decided. Upon that the case against the arbitrary will probably turn. Upon that Mr. Folk, counsel for the Chamber of Commerce, will shortly argue for the abolition of

the arbitrary before the members representing the trunk line railroads composing the Terminal Association. Mr. Charles H. Huff, municipal expert of the *Star*, which has taken away from the *Post-Dispatch* its quarter of a century fight against the Terminal, indicates in the *Star* of Tuesday evening the hope of the solution of the arbitrary. That hope is, in effect, that the coal matter will be dealt with in exactly the way the cattle matter was dealt with. That is by an increase of the rate to enable the roads to absorb some of the arbitrary or differential. That is to say, the coal rate from the mines to East St. Louis will be raised to an extent sufficient to enable them to absorb some if not all of the cost of transporting the coal to St. Louis. The roads will carry coal at a higher rate to East St. Louis and out of that higher rate will pay the Terminal for carrying the coal to St. Louis. That's what was done as to the cattle rates to this point. A higher rate was made common to both sides of the river, and a switching charge of \$2.50 per car added. The railroads, Mr. Huff thinks, "may prepare new tariffs voluntarily removing the discriminating differential in St. Louis rates." Where would that leave the situation? Mr. Huff answers:

Such action by the railroads would shift the fight to one between the railroads and East St. Louis, there being little doubt that East St. Louis would at once undertake to have such new tariffs suspended. In such event, of course, St. Louis would be lined up with the railroads, and the real burden of the fray would be upon the shoulders of East St. Louis. The east side city, together with adjacent Illinois communities, would be in the position then of beseeching the Interstate Commerce Commission to restore a state of discrimination against St. Louis in the matter of railroad rates.

St. Louis would appear to have the same tender feeling for East St. Louis that Germany had and has for Belgium. It is ready to line up with the railroads against East St. Louis to increase the cost of coal to that smaller city as a means of reducing the cost to this city. By so much as is added to the coal cost to East St. Louis, this city shall have benefit in a reduction of the cost of getting coal from East St. Louis. That does not seem to me to be fair to East St. Louis. It looks like a proposal to rectify a discrimination against the larger city by establishing a discrimination against the smaller one, and then to put the smaller city in wrong by forcing it into the attitude of pleading for a restoration of a discrimination in its favor.

Whether the railroads can raise the rate to East St. Louis in spite of the opposition of the Illinois Railroad Commission, I don't know. Mr. Folk says the Interstate Commerce Commission has such authority over intrastate rates, said authority being definitely established in the Shreveport case. But it seems to me that there are but two answers to the arbitrary riddle. Either the service of carrying coal to St. Louis shall be performed for nothing, or the rate to East St. Louis must be so raised that the roads shall be enabled to knock off the extent of that raise from the rate to this city, thus making the rate to both cities the same. The former is impossible. The latter is fine for this city, but hell for East St. Louis. What a huge roar there will be in congress from the Illinois delegation over the attempt to crush the little town in the interest of the big one!

But as I said at the beginning, I'm not a rate-making expert. I'm giving here the considerations that run counter to Mr. Johnson's able argument. They are the answer of the Terminal Association and its component roads, of course; but they are the answer of East St. Louis, Granite City, Madison and about one hundred thousand people on the other side of the river, who have rights as well as we seven or eight hundred thousand people on this side. I am still open to illumination upon this subject. If the arbitrary is keeping the city back I want it removed. But I don't think it is good law or good morals to remove the coal-rate burden on St. Louis by throwing it on East St. Louis.

This whole matter has been up before the Inter-

state Commerce Commission, of which Mr. Folk was counsel for five years prior to his becoming counsel for the St. Louis Chamber of Commerce, and it is strange that that wise body never conceived the notion of raising the coal rate to East St. Louis sufficiently to enable the coal roads to absorb the added rate to this side of the river. So far as concerns our free bridge as a means of breaking the arbitrary, it seems to me that it doesn't matter what ordinances this city has enacted with regard to its use; the way to get the bridge into use is to turn it over to the government and let the Interstate Commerce Commission fix the terms of its use as an instrumentality of interstate commerce. As a bridge offered free, of course its use cannot be charged for, but privately owned terminals connecting with the bridge will be charged for. There's the arbitrary again: it's inherent in private human nature. If we can get rid of the arbitrary—*raus mit uns!* But I cherish still the delusion that small cities have rights which large cities are bound to respect.



Reflections

By William Marion Reedy

A Yankee Notion

AS was expected there is trouble in Great Britain over the unification of authority in the conduct of the war by the allies. General Sir William Robertson, chief of staff, has refused to accept subordination to the British member of the Allied Council. The army is a strong social and political force in England. It doesn't like the present government, or at least the leading personalities thereof, any too well. Possibly it doesn't especially like the idea of a war for democracy. We recall that early in 1914 the army was somewhat infected with the spirit of mutiny. It was quite resolved that while it would gladly fight against the southern Irish it would not act against Carson's Ulster covenanters who were threatening revolt if an attempt were made to enforce home rule. Gen. Robertson ought to be a democrat, because he rose from menial position, but you can't always tell about such men. A character in the "Spoon River Anthology" warns us to beware of the man who has risen to power from one suspender. It is fairly plain that in anticipation of the action of the Versailles council, the military elements, led by Colonel Repington, the military critic, endeavored to inaugurate a political offensive against the government on the theory that the civil authorities were disorganizing the army high command and therefore inviting defeat. Colonel Repington left the London *Times* and went with the London *Post* to carry on his campaign. The government indicted him for betraying military secrets. That rather broke the back of the military cabal. And now Premier Lloyd-George has told the Commons that the Versailles council had to unify command and devise co-ordination of action chiefly because the United States had declared, through Colonel House, that it wanted assurance that its contribution of strength to the forces in the field would not be frittered away. Two months ago Lloyd-George had told the world, in one speech at Paris and another at London, that lack of co-operation and co-ordination had almost lost the war. The proof was only too apparent to everyone. Gallipoli was one case in point. The repulse and rout of Cadorna in Italy was another. There was bad management at Cambrai. From these and other surface indications the veriest tyros in strategy and tactics could easily deduce the existence of dissensions among the military leaders. A war could not continue to be fought under such conditions and especially a war just approaching its climactic conflict with a rested, recuperated enemy. The generals were not agreeing. They had their conflicting theories, their jealousies and envies. Some power above them had to summon them to co-operation to definite ends. So the United States said and so the statesmen of the allies saw. The United States said it wanted to know what the

job was to be done and it wanted that job started with everyone agreeing down to the details as to how it was to be done. That was plain common sense. The war could not be fought with the different forces going wild for immediate objects and neglecting a general plan to an ultimate purpose. So the Versailles council took charge and laid out a plan. That plan Sir William Robertson could not assent to consistently with his personal dignity, so he goes into another service. A General Wilson supplants him in authority. England does not rise against the indignity to Robertson. The country accepts the situation and supports Lloyd-George. The country is right. General Sir William Robertson is, if we may trust the analogies of history, no great soldier. The great soldiers are those who have taken their medicine from their governments. The petulant, huffy, hypersensitive general who senses an affront in every suggestion and an insult in every difference of opinion has never done the immortally big thing in war. He has removed himself from the possibility of doing it, by resigning, or he has sulked and spoiled plans he should have carried out with all his heart. We had lots of such generals in our civil war—touch-me-nots who couldn't use themselves and couldn't be used effectively. We got rid of them. Some of them were very popular, too. All of them knew more than Mr. Lincoln did, in their own opinion. The men who stuck in spite of misunderstanding, the men who hid the hurts to their pride and went on with their task with the best grace they could muster—those men won the war and undying fame. Americans don't know much about the technique of war, but they know football and baseball, and they know that the way to win any big end calling for the services of many men is by teamwork. The Versailles council establishes a plan and system of team-work. Now that our forces are there they want to know, where do we go from here? After that they want to know when they start, and how the job is planned, and then the word is, "Go to it." The war is to be fought on this Yankee notion. It's a democratic notion, too. The other notion—that of separately directed national forces co-operating but loosely—almost lost the war. Our way is the way in which it will be won.

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REEDY'S MIRROR

pared with the mass, and the propertied people probably, fewer. "Holy Russia" doesn't seem to be "holy" to anyone. No one rises against her profanation by a foreign enemy. It is remarkable, but then it is not more remarkable than the misery and woe that the Russians have suffered. The people have been driven to the last extreme of antipathy to nationalism by all that nationalism has meant to them. They have turned from hideous realities to an unprecedented mysticism. They conceive of nationalism as capitalism. They will have none of English, French, Italian, United States capitalism, yet they bow before German capitalist militarism in fatalistic expectation of a world-wide miracle—that the people of all nations will rise against capitalism when they see its perfect work upon stricken Russia. It may be foolish but it is sublime. In a way it's like the Chinaman's taking vengeance upon one who has injured him by committing suicide upon his doorstep. Russia commits national suicide at the door of the world,—pleading for pity. It is tragic. But the gesture is a splendid plea for peace, a monstrous protest against war and all that causes war. Russia may have failed her allies. They must not fail her. They must fight for her democracy. They must save her from vassalage to Germany. They must bring her into the league of nations for if she remains outside she will be a menace to the world's peace—either as Germany's tool or Germany's enemy.

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THE shipyard strike was settled by the President's appeal to the workers. Now let us have the facts as to the disgraceful conditions in which American workmen had to work at the Hog Island navy yard.

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Winged Victory

By Edgar Lee Masters

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ICARUS, Daedalus, Medea's dragons, Pegasus, Leonardo, Swedenborg, Cyrano de Bergerac, with dew-filled flagons, Bacon, who schemed with chemicals and forge, Lana, of copper spheres of air exhausted, Therefore made light to rise Up where the pathless ways are frosted In the blue vitriol of the skies. Montgolfier, Franklin, von Zeppelin, Watt, Edison, an engine must be, spiral springs, Nor steam move not these more than condor wings Of heaven's Argonaut, Gathering the sun-set clouds for golden fleece. Santos Dumont and Langley, over these The Americans, the brothers Wright. America finds wings for flight. At last out of the New World wings are born To wheel far up where cold is, and a light Dazzling and immaculate, In the heights where stands the temple of the Morn. Winged Victory more beautiful than Samothrace's For the New World opening the gate Of heaven at last, where mortals enter in Unconquerably and win The great escape from earth, the measureless spaces Of air across the inimical abyss Between ethereal precipice and precipice. Hail! spirits of the race's Courage to be free, adventurers Of infinite desire! Hail! seed of the ancient wars, Of burning glasses, catapults, Greek fire! Hail! final conquerors, Out of whose vision greater vision springs— America with wings! The vulture lags behind, the Gorgones, Revealed or ambushed in the thunder clouds, Would tear from heaven these audacities Of deathless spirit, shatter them and spill The blasphemy of genius from the sky. Gods are you, flyers, whom no danger shrouds, No terror shakes the will. Gods are you though you suffer and must die, Men winged as gods who fly!

Borelli, in the centuries that are gone, With feathers made him wings, but steel Soars for the petrol demon's toil, Fed by the sap of trees far under earth In the long eons past turned into oil. The petrol demon in the enchanted coil Of lightning howls and spins the invisible wheel Which had its birth In the rapt vision of Archimedes. Borelli, in the centuries that are gone, With feathers made him wings. But now a swan, A steel-borne beetle cleaves the immensities, Fed with fire of amber and oil of trees, And soars against the sun, And over mountains, seas!

Flight more auspicious than the flight of cranes In Homer's Troyland, or than eagles flying Toward Imaus when the midnight wanes. Victorious flight! symbol of man defying Low dungeons of the spirit, darkness, chains. Flight beyond superstition and the reigns Of tyrannies where thought of man should be Swift as his thought is free. Flight of an era born to-day That puts the past and all its dead away.

Locusts of the new Jehovah sent to scourge All Pharaohs who enslave. Hornets with multiple eyes, Scorning surprise, And armed to purge The despot and the knave Out of the fairer land where men shall live, Winning all things which were so fugitive Of wisdom, happiness and peace, Of hope, of spiritual release From fear of life, life's mean significance, Till life be ordered, not a thing of chance.

The hopelessness of him who cried Vanity of Vanities Was justified, But now no longer must abide. Failure was his, and failure filled the hours Of our fathers in the past—let it depart. Triumph is come, and triumph must be ours. The archangels of earth through Israel, Through India and Greece Shall find us wings for life and for increase Of living, and shall battle down the hell Whose fires still smolder and profane. Life and the human heart In living must become the aeroplane, Not the yoked oxen and the cart. Let but the thought of east and west be blent, Europe, America, the Orient, To give life wings as Time's last great event: The final glory of wings to the soul of man In an order of life human, but divine, Fashioned in carefulest thought, powerful but of delicate design, As the wings of the aeroplane are. Where spirit of man is used to the full, but saved, As the petrol demon, in this dragon of war, Uses and saves its power. Where neither thought, truth, love nor gifts, nor any flower Of spirit of man, so mangled or enslaved In the eras gone, is wasted or depraved. Man shall no longer crawl, the curse is raised With winning of his wings. Dust he no more shall eat, Who crawls not, but from feet Has risen to wings! Man shall no longer python be. These wings are prophecies of a world made free! Man shall no longer crawl, the curse is raised. He has soared to the gate of heaven and gazed Into the meadows of infinity, Winged and with lightning shod, Beyond the old day's lowering cloud and murk. The heavens declare the glory of God, Man shows His handiwork!

Two Young American Playwrights

By Carl Van Vechten

IN the newspaper reports relating to the death of Auguste Rodin I read with some astonishment that if the venerable sculptor, who lacked three years of being eighty when he died, had lived two weeks longer he would have been admitted to the French Academy! In other words, the greatest stone-poet since Michael Angelo, internationally famous and powerful, the most striking artist figure, indeed, in the last half century, was to be permitted, in the extremity of old age, to inscribe his name on a scroll, which bore the signatures of many inoffensive nobodies. I could not have been more amused if the newspapers, in publishing the obituary notices of John Jacob Astor, had announced that if the millionaire had not perished in the sinking of the *Titanic*, his chances of being invited to join the Elks were good; or if *Variety* or some other tradespaper of the music halls, had proclaimed, just before Sarah Bernhardt's début at the Palace Theatre, that if her appearances there were successful she might expect an invitation to membership in the White Rats. . . . These hypothetical instances would seem ridiculous . . . but they are not. The Rodin case puts a by no means seldom-recurring phenomenon in the center of the stage under a calcium light. The ironclad dreadnaughts of the academic world, the reactionary artists, the dry-as-dust lecturers are constantly ignoring the most vital, the most real, the most important artists while they sing polyphonic, antiphonal, Palestrian motets in praise of men who have learned to imitate comfortably and efficiently the work of their predecessors.

If there are other contemporary French sculptors than Rodin their names elude me at the moment; yet I have no doubt that some ten or fifteen of these hack-men have their names emblazoned in the books of all the so-called "honor" societies in Paris. It is a comfort, on the whole, to realize that America is not the only country in which such things happen. As a matter of fact they happen nowhere more often than in France.

If someone should ask you suddenly for a list of the important playwrights of France to-day, what names would you let roll off your tongue, primed by the best pundit and docile French critics? Henri Bataille, Paul Hervieu, and Henry Bernstein. Possibly Rostand. Don't deny this; you know it is true, unless it happens you have been doing some thinking for yourself. For even in the works of Remy de Gourmont (to be sure this very clairvoyant mind did not often occupy itself with dramatic literature) you will find little or nothing relating to Octave Mirbeau and Georges Feydeau. True, Mirbeau did not do his best work in the theatre. That stinging cynical attack on the courts of Justice (?) of France (nay, the world!), "Le Jardin de Supplice" is not a play and it is probably Mirbeau's masterpiece and the best piece of critical fiction written in France (or anywhere else) in the last fifty years. However Mirbeau shook the pillars of society even in the playhouse. "Le Foyer" was hissed repeatedly at the Théâtre Francais. Night after night the proceedings ended in the ejection and arrest of forty or fifty spectators. Even to a mere outsider, an idle bystander of the boulevards, this complete exposure of the social, moral, and political hypocrisies of a nation seemed exceptionally brutal. "Le Foyer" and "Le Jardin" could only have been written by a man passionately devoted to the human ideal ("each as she may," as Gertrude Stein so beautifully puts it). "Les Affaires sont les Affaires" is pure theatre, perhaps, but it might be considered the best play produced in France between Becque's "La Parisienne" and Brieux's "Les Hannetons."

It is not surprising, on the whole, to find the critical tribe turning for relief from this somewhat unpleasant display of Gallic closet skeletons to the

discreet exhibition of a few carefully chosen bones in the plays of Bernstein and Bataille, direct descendants of Scribe, Sardou, *et Cie*, but I may be permitted to indulge in a slight snicker of polite amazement when I discover these gentlemen applying their fingers to their noses in no very pretty-meaning gesture, directed at a grandson of Molière. For such is Georges Feydeau. His method is not that of the seventeenth century master, nor yet that of Mirbeau; nevertheless, aside from these two figures, Becque, Brieux at his best, and Maurice Donnay occasionally, there has not been a single writer in the history of the French theatre so inevitably *au courant* with human nature. His form is frankly farcical and his plays are so funny, so enjoyable merely as *good shows* that it seems a pity to raise an obelisk in the playwright's honor, and yet the fact remains that he understands the political, social, domestic, amorous, even cloacal conditions of the French better than any of his contemporaries, always excepting the afore-mentioned Mirbeau. In "On Purge Bébé" he has written saucy variations on a theme which Rabelais, Boccacio, George Moore, and Molière in collaboration would have found difficult to handle. It is as successful an experiment in bravado and bravura as Mr. Henry James' "The Turn of the Screw." And he has accomplished this feat with nimbleness, variety, authority, even (granting the subject) delicacy. Seeing it for the first time you will be so submerged in gales of uncontrollable laughter that you will perhaps not recognize at once how every line reveals character, how every situation springs from the foibles of human nature. Indeed in this one-act farce Faydeau, with about as much trouble as Zeus took in transforming his godship into the semblance of a swan, has given you a well-rounded picture of middle-class life in France with its external and internal implications. . . . And how he understands the buoyant French *grue*, unself-conscious and undismayed in any situation. I sometimes think that "Occupe-toi d'Amélie" is the most satisfactory play I have ever seen; it is certainly the most delightful. I do not think you can see it in Paris again. The Nouveautés, where it was presented for over a year, has been torn down; an English translation would be an insult to Feydeau; nor will you find essays about it in the yellow volumes in which the French critics tenderly embalm their *feuilletons*; nor do I think Arthur Symons or George Moore, those indefatigable diggers in Parisian graveyards, have discovered it for their English readers. Reading the play is to miss half its pleasure; so you must take my word in the matter unless you have been lucky enough to see it yourself, in which case ten to one you will agree with me that one such play is worth a kettleful of boiled-over drama like "Le Voleur," "Le Secret," "Samson," "La Vierge Folle," *et cetera, et cetera*. In the pieces I have mentioned Feydeau, in representation, had the priceless assistance of a great comic artist, Armande Cassive. If we are to take Symons' assurance in regard to de Pachmann that he is the world's greatest pianist because he does one thing more perfectly than anyone else, by a train of similar reasoning we might confidently assert that Mlle. Cassive is the world's greatest actress.

When you ask a Frenchman to explain why he does not like Mirbeau (and you will find that Frenchmen invariably do not like him) he will shrug his shoulders and begin to tell you that Mirbeau was not good to his mother, or that he drank to excess, or that he did not wear a red, white and blue coat on the fourteenth of July, or that he did not stand for the French spirit as exemplified in the eating of snails on Christmas. In other words, he will immediately place himself in a position in which you may be excused for regarding him as a person whose opinion is worth nothing, whereas his ratiocinatory powers on subjects with which he is more in sympathy may be excellent. I know why he does not like Mirbeau. Mirbeau is the reason. In his life he was not accustomed to making compromises nor was he accustomed to making friends (which comes after all to the same thing). He did

what he pleased, said what he pleased, wrote what he pleased. His armorial bearings might have been a cat upsetting a cream jug with the motto, "*Je m'en fous.*" The author of "Le Jardin de Supplice" would not be popular anywhere; nevertheless I would willingly relinquish any claims I might have to future popularity for the privilege of having been permitted to sign this book.

Feydeau is distinctly another story; his plays are more popular than any others given in Paris. They are amusing. They are so amusing that even while he is pointing the finger at your own particular method of living you are laughing so hard that you haven't time to see the application. . . . So the French critics have set him down as another popular figure, only a nobody born to entertain the boulevards. Just as the American critics regard the performances of Irving Berlin with a steely supercilious impervious eye. The Viennese scorned Mozart because he entertained them. "A gay population," wrote the late John F. Runciman, "always a heartless master, holds none in such contempt as the servants who provide it with amusement."

The same condition has prevailed in England until recently. A few seasons ago you might have found the critics pouring out their glad songs about Arthur Wing Pinero and Henry Arthur Jones. Bernard Shaw has, in a measure, restored the balance to the British theatre. He is not only a brilliant playwright; he is a brilliant critic as well. Foreseeing the fate of the under man in such a struggle he became his own literary huckster and by outcriticizing the other critics he easily established himself as the first English (or Irish) playwright. When he thus rose to the top, by dint of his own exertions, he had strength enough to carry along with him a number of other important authors. As a consequence we may regard the Pinero incident closed and in ten years his theatre will be considered as old-fashioned and as inadequate as that of Robertson or Bulwer-Lytton.

Having no Shaw in America, no man who can write brilliant prefaces and essays about his own plays until the man in the street is obliged perforce to regard them as literature, we find ourselves in the condition of benighted France. Dullness is mistaken for literary flavor; the injection of a little learning, of a little poetry (so-called) into a theatrical hackpiece, is the signal for a good deal of enthusiasm on the part of the journalists (there are three brilliant exceptions). Which of our playwrights are taken seriously by the pundits? Augustus Thomas and Percy Mackaye: Thomas the dean, and Mackaye the poet laureate. I have no intention of wrenching the laurel wreathes from these august brows. Let them remain. Each of these gentlemen has a long and honorable career in the theatre behind him, from which he should be allowed to reap what financial and honorary rewards he may be able. But I would not add one leaf to these wreathes, nor one crotchet to the songs of praise which vibrate around them. I turn aside from their plays in the theatre and in the library as I turn aside from the fictions of Pierre de Coulevain and Arnold Bennett.

I love to fashion wreathes of my own and if two young men will now step forward to the lecturer's bench I will take delight in crowning them with my own hands. Will the young man at the back of the hall please page Avery Hopwood and Philip Moeller? . . . No response! They seem to have retreated modestly into the night. Nevertheless they shall not escape me!

I speak of Mr. Hopwood first because he has been writing for our theatre for a longer period than has Mr. Moeller, and because his position, such as it is, is assured. Like Feydeau in France he has a large popular following; he has probably made more money in a few years than Mr. Thomas has made during his whole lifetime and the managers are always after him to furnish them with more plays with which to fill their theatres. For his plays do fill the theatres. "Fair and Warmer," "Nobody's

Widow," "Clothes," and "Seven Days" would be included in any list of the successful pieces produced in New York within the past ten years. Two of these pieces would be near the very top of such a list. An utterly absurd allotment of actors is sufficient to explain the failures of "Sadie Love" and "Our Little Wife" and it might be well if someone should attempt a revival of one of his three serious plays, "This Woman and This Man," in which Carlotta Nilsson appeared for a brief space.

This author, mainly through the beneficent offices of a gift of supernal charm, contrives to do in English very much what Feydeau does in French. It is his contention that you can smite the Puritans, even in the American theatre, squarely on the cheek, provided you are sagacious in your choice of weapon. In "Fair and Warmer" he provokes the most boisterous and at the same time the most innocent laughter with a scene which might have been made insupportably vulgar. A perfectly respectable young married woman gets very drunk with the equally respectable husband of one of her friends. The scene is the mainstay, the *raison d'être*, for the play and it furnishes the material for the better part of one act; yet young and old, rich and poor, philistine and superman alike, delighted in it. To make such a situation irresistible and universal in its appeal is, it seems to me, undoubtedly the work of genius. What might, indeed should, have been disgusting, was not only in intention but in performance very funny. Let those who do not appreciate the virtuosity of this undertaking attempt to write as successful a scene in a similar vein. Even if they are able to do so, and I do not for a moment believe that there is another dramatic author in America who can, they will be the first to grant the difficulty of the achievement. With an apparently inexhaustible fund of fantasy and wit Mr. Hopwood passes his wand over certain phases of so-called smart life, almost always with the happiest results. With a complete realization of the independence of his medium he often ignores the realistic conventions and the traditional technique of the stage, but his touch is so light and joyous, his wit so free from pose, that he rarely fails to establish his effect. His pen has seldom faltered. Occasionally, however, the heavy hand of an uncomprehending stage director or of an aggressive actor has played havoc with the delicate texture of his fabric. There is no need here for the use of hammer or trowel; if an actress must seek aid in implements, let her rather rely on a soft brush, a lacey handkerchief, or a sparkling spangled fan.

Philip Moeller has achieved distinction in another field, that of elegant burlesque, of sublimated caricature. His stage men and women are as adroitly distorted (the better to expose their comic possibilities) as the drawings of Max Beerbohm. Beginning with the Bible and the Odyssey ("Helena's Husband" and "Sisters of Suzanne" for the Washington Square Players) he has at length, by way of Shakespeare and Bacon ("The Roadhouse in Arden") arrived at the Romantic Period in French literature and in "Madame Sand," his first three-act play, he has established himself at once as a dangerous rival of the authors of "Caesar and Cleopatra" and "The Importance of Being Earnest," both plays in the same *genre* as Mr. Moeller's latest contribution to the stage. The author has thrown a very high light on the sentimental adventures of the writing lady of the early nineteenth century, has indeed advised us and convinced us that they were somewhat ridiculous. So they must have appeared even to her contemporaries, however seriously George took herself, her romances, her passions, her petty tragedies. A less adult, a less seriously trained mind might have fallen into the error of making a sentimental play out of George's affairs with Alfred de Musset, Dr. Pagello, and Chopin (Mr. Moeller contents himself with these three passions, selected from the somewhat more extensive list offered to us by history). Such an author would doubtless have written "Great Catherine" in the style of "Disraeli" and "Androcles and the Lion" after the man-

REEDY'S MIRROR

ner of "Ben Hur!" Whether love itself is always a comic subject, as Bernard Shaw would have us believe, is a matter for dispute, but there can be no alternative opinion about the loves of George Sand. A rehearsal of them offers only laughter to anyone but a sentimental school girl.

The piece is conceived on a true literary level; it abounds in wit, in fantasy, in delightful situations, but there is nothing precious about its progress. Mr. Moeller has carefully avoided the traps expressly laid for writers of such plays. For example the enjoyment of "Madame Sand" is in no way dependent upon a knowledge of the books of that authoress, De Musset, and Heine, nor yet upon an acquaintance with the music of Liszt and Chopin. Such matters are pleasantly and lightly referred to when they seem pertinent, but no insistence is laid upon them. Occasionally our author has appropriated some phrase originally spoken or written by one of the real characters, but for that he can scarcely be blamed. Indeed, when one takes into consideration the wealth of such material which lay in books waiting for him, it is surprising that he did not take more advantage of it. In the main he has relied on his own cleverness to delight our ears for two hours with brilliant conversation.

There is, it should be noted, in conclusion, nothing essentially American about either of these young authors. Both Mr. Hopwood and Mr. Moeller might have written for the foreign stage. Several of Mr. Hopwood's pieces, indeed, have already been transported to foreign climes and there seems every reason for belief that Mr. Moeller's comedy will meet a similarly happy fate.



In Praise of Sherlock Holmes

By Vincent Starrett

COMES to us after a long silence another and final—perhaps one should say “another final”—volume of reminiscences from the pen of John H. Watson, M. D., chronicler of the little problems of Mr. Sherlock Holmes, consulting expert in crime. There is a pang in the staring black letters, on the red cover (red and black—violent contrast—sinister suggestion!), that seem to spell finality: “His Last Bow” (G. H. Doran, New York).

Is it his last bow? Once before, years ago, Dr. Doyle—he was not then Sir Arthur—had the temerity to dispose of his popular hero. He killed him with a completeness that was appalling. Do you remember that last tale in “The Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes?”—the struggle with the hideous *Professor Moriarty* on the cliff?—the boiling cauldron beneath, into which friend and foe, hunter and hunted, detective and detected, were hurled, locked each in the other's relentless arms?

Surely there was no chance here for a resurrection. *Sherlock Holmes* was dead; as dead as the proverbial door-nail; as dead as Pontius Pilate; as dead as yesterday's newspaper.

Of course, there was a great to-do about it. Men groaned and cursed and wished the good right hand of Dr. Doyle had withered ere it had penned those final pages. Women wrote reams of copy to the harassed author, beginning their letters with the greeting, “You Brute!” “You Beast!”

But *Sherlock Holmes* was dead; that Dr. Doyle was convinced of it (whether or not he regretted his hasty action, later) was evidenced by his first surrender to public clamor. He wrote “The Hound of the Baskervilles,” one of the greatest of all the *Holmes*' adventures, but it was a “reminiscence of *Sherlock Holmes*;” *Watson*, good fellow, was digging up an earlier tale from his portfolio; *Holmes* was still unequivocally dead.

What induced Dr. Doyle to bring his immortal sleuth back to life, I don't know. Possibly the incessant demand of the public for more stories; possibly a tardy regret of his own. In point of fact, I don't care, and this reckless emotion is shared by

several million readers in all parts of the world. It was sufficient that he did bring him back—and it must be admitted that, while he was at it, he did an artistic job. What could be simpler? What more natural? “My dear fellow . . . about that chasm. I had no serious difficulty in getting out of it, for the very simple reason that I never was in it.”

He had not fallen over at all! *Professor Moriarty*, alone, had taken the plunge! Well, well, that is all over now—but I still get the old thrill when I read again the first extraordinary narrative in “The Return of Sherlock Holmes.” Don't you?

And now *Mr. Sherlock Holmes* is making “his last bow.” Again! Really, I can't help saying that, because I can't help hoping that it isn't really his last bow. Deep down, inside of me, I have a feeling that it is, but I shall not give up my hope, entirely, until I read—and may the day be far distant!—that Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, himself, has made his last bow.

Let me quote the preface to this new—this last—volume. It is signed by Dr. Watson, not by Dr. Doyle; a splendid notion that helps me fortify myself in the pleasant delusion that both the great detective and the excellent doctor did live—that they still do live.

“The friends of Mr. Sherlock Holmes will be glad to learn that he is still alive and well, though somewhat crippled by occasional attacks of rheumatism. He has, for many years, lived in a small farm upon the Downs five miles from Eastbourne, where his time is divided between philosophy and agriculture. During this period of rest he has refused the most princely offers to take up various cases, having determined that his retirement was a permanent one. The approach of the German war caused him, however, to lay his remarkable combination of intellectual and practical activity at the disposal of the government, with historical results which are recounted in ‘His Last Bow.’ Several previous experiences which have lain long in my portfolio have been added to ‘His Last Bow’ so as to complete the volume.”

JOHN H. WATSON, M. D.”

How much better that is, if this is indeed the last we are to hear of him, than to think of him as dead at the bottom of the Reichenbach Fall! And, too, there is always a chance, now—just a chance—that Sir Arthur may again relent. The way is open; he has left himself a loophole.

Let us suppose, however, that *Holmes*' retirement is permanent; that the little adventure of the German master spy, which closes the present volume, is his last contribution to the records of the profession he has so long adorned. Need Sir Arthur quit on that account? Not at all! We have still *Dr. Watson's* portfolio! How many more cases may not be stored away in that astonishing receptacle, in the form of notes! Old cases—some of those old cases hinted at in so many of the earlier tales.

In this matter, Sir Arthur had laid himself wide open and distinctly “liable.” In those glad old days of the first and second series of tales, running in the old *Strand* magazine, with Sidney Paget's illustrations, never an adventure did he chronicle that he did not mention at least one other, the time for the disclosure of which was not yet ripe. We have never had those tales! Someone—I think Mr. Arthur Bartlett Maurice—figured out some years ago that there were dozens, or, at the very least, a dozen, which, he insisted, entitled us, certainly, to one more volume.

I have been at some pains in this matter, myself, and beg to insert here the result of my explorations. I have been through the *Holmes*' reminiscences from “A Study in Scarlet” to “His Last Bow,” and a delightful time I have had. Here then are the stories yet untold, complete notes for each of which are in the possession of Dr. Watson:

The Case of Mrs. Cecil Forrester.

The Bishopgate Jewel Case. (Inspector Athelney Jones will never forget how Holmes lectured the force upon it!)

The Trepoff Murder Case.

The Singular Tragedy of the Atkinson Brothers at Trincomalee.

The Dundas Separation Case.

The Adventure of the Paradol Chamber.
The Adventure of the Amateur Mendicant Society. (Who held a luxurious club in the lower vault of a furniture warehouse.)

The Loss of the British Bark “Sophy Anderson.”

The Singular Adventures of the Grice Patersons in the Island of Uffa.

The Camberwell Poisoning Case.

The Tankerville Club Scandal.

The Case of Mrs. Farintosh. (Which had to do with an opal tiara.)

Colonel Warburton's Madness.

The Little Problem of the Grosvenor Square Furniture Van.

The Tarleton Murders.

The Case of Vamberry, the Wine Merchant.
The Adventure of the Old Russian Woman.

The Singular Affair of the Aluminum Crutch.

The Adventure of Ricoletti of the Club-Foot and His Abominable Wife.

The Question of the Netherland-Sumatra Company.

The Colossal Schemes of Baron Maupertuis.
The Manor House Case.

The Adventure of the Tired Captain.

The Atrocious Conduct of Colonel Upwood.
(In connection with the famous card scandal of the Nonpareil Club.)

The Case of Mme. Montpensier.

The Papers of Ex-President Murillo.

The Shocking Affair of the Dutch Steamship Friesland.

The Peculiar Persecution of John Vincent Harden.

The Sudden Death of Cardinal Tosca. (An investigation carried out at the personal request of His Holiness, the Pope.)

The Case of Wilson, the Notorious Canary-Trainer.

The Dreadful Business of the Abernethy Family.

The Conk-Singleton Forgery Case.

The Repulsive Story of the Red Leech.

The Terrible Death of Crosby, the Banker.

The Addleton Tragedy. (And the singular contents of the ancient British barrow!) The Smith-Mortimer Succession Case.

The Adventure of the Boulevard Assassin.

The Case of Mr. Fairdale Hobbs.

The Dramatic Adventure of Dr. Moore Agar.

And these are only a few, for time and again we have hints of astonishing adventures to which no name is given, as that extremely delicate matter which *Holmes* arranged for the reigning family of Holland. There are several references to *that*, and I must insist on having it, as well as the adventures of the Paradol Chamber, the Amateur Mendicant Society, Ricoletti of the club-foot (not forgetting his abominable wife), the Tired Captain, and the Notorious Canary-Trainer. These, at least, I submit, it is unfair to name, if we are not to have the delight of reading them.

And there is another side to this matter that I have not seen mentioned. As a book-lover and collector, I am eager to possess the collected works of *Mr. Sherlock Holmes*. In my library, beside the de luxe “Manon Lescaut” and the historical writings of George Alfred Henty, I want to place those little brochures on crime to which *Holmes* refers so carelessly, yet so often.

In “The Sign of the Four”—quite the best of the list—we read that Francois Le Villard, the French *maître*, “is translating my small works into French.

... I have been guilty of several monographs. They are all upon technical subjects. Here, for example, is one ‘Upon the Distinction Between the Ashes of the Various Tobaccos.’ In it I enumerate one hundred and forty forms of cigar-, cigarette-, and pipe-tobacco, with colored plates illustrating the difference in the ash. . . . Here is my monograph upon the tracing of footsteps, with some remarks upon the uses of plaster-of-Paris as a preserver of imprints. Here, too, is a curious little work upon the influence of a trade upon the hand, with lithotypes of the hands of slayers, sailors, cork-cutters, compositors, weavers and diamond-polishers.”

Completing the bibliography are the following, mentioned elsewhere in the eight volumes of tales:

“The Book of Life.” (A magazine article bearing upon observation and deduction therefrom.)

A “contribution to the literature of tattooing.”

Monograph on the subject of old documents and the fixing of their dates.

"Trifling monograph upon the subject of secret writings, in which I analyze one hundred and sixty separate cyphers."

Two short monographs on the subject of the human ear. (In the *Anthropological Journal*.)

Monograph on the music of the Middle Ages.

Monograph on the Polyphonic Motets of Lassus. ("Which has been printed for private circulation, and is said by experts to be the last word upon the subject.")

Thesis on the Cornish language, showing it to be akin to the Chaldean, and largely derived from the Phoenician traders in tin.

"Practical Handbook of Bee Culture, with Some Observations Upon the Segregation of the Queen."

And again we have hints of other works, either completed or in process of manufacture, including a "monograph on the typewriter and its relation to crime," another on the seventy-five varieties of perfume and the necessity for distinguishing between each, and a "text book which shall focus the whole art of detection into one volume," to which *Holmes* intends to devote his declining years.

Possibly he is now at work on this latter volume; meanwhile, where are the others? The booksellers do not know them, and there is no record in *Book Prices Current* of a single sale!

Seriously, it is to be hoped that a handsome library edition of the eight volumes of *Sherlock Holmes* stories will not be long on the way. And while he is about it, will not Sir Arthur just be a little careful in his revision? *Inspector Jones* must not be *Athelney* in one tale and *Peter* in another, and *Holmes* must not profess ignorance of Carlyle on one day and quote him the next. Nor must *Dr. Watson* ever be *James*, although this error in one tale may be typographical.

I think, too, that *Watson* could be made somewhat less of a lackey and still be preserved as the necessary foil. My re-reading has convinced me that he is never quite so much an ass as in "The Adventure of the Dancing Men" and "The Valley of Fear." Little emendation is required; a few strokes of the Doyle pen and the thing is done.

The advent of a new *Sherlock Holmes* book is a distinct literary event. Heaven alone knows how many millions of people from China to Peru breathe a delighted sigh at the word and hasten off to purchase the volume. It is very probable that *Sherlock Holmes* is the most popular single character in contemporary fiction; certainly he is the only one who has passed into the language, as it were; whose name has become a symbol by which all of his type and tribe are known.

Captain Kettle was a popular hero, and so was *Mulvaney*, but we do not think of calling a man "a Captain Kettle" or "a Mulvaney." But an amateur detective, an unofficial detective, even an official detective—so tenacious is the phrase—is "a *Sherlock Holmes*." Perhaps I must make an exception in the case of the excellent *Raffles*; he indeed is in a fair way to becoming a part of our sweet English tongue. But *Raffles* is young yet, and certainly he has not the popularity of *Holmes*; the hunter of criminals is still more idolized than the criminal, however picturesque and fascinating the latter may be. There is something of the burglar in all of us, and something of the sleuth, and I believe, all things being equal, we lean toward the law rather than away from it.

Also, we have really had only one genuinely artistic burglar—this same *Raffles* individual—while we have had so many hundreds of fictional detectives that a statistician were needed to record them all. We have had *Martin Hewitt*, a clever fellow, and *Luther Trant*, an exceedingly clever fellow, and *Hamilton Cleek*, a burglar turned detective, and *Chester Kent* and *Fleming Stone* and *Addington Peace*,—all interesting chaps for an evening's recreation, but all distinctly reminiscent (to put it mildly!) of their greater brethren. But there has been only one *Sherlock Holmes*; there can be no other.

He is the transcendental detective *par excellence*; an authentic figure in the world's literature; a genuine and artistic creation.

It is doubtless true that many of the later stories—the present volume is the eighth of the *Holmes* group—are somewhat apocryphal; that they do not quite come up to those earlier tales, such as the "Adventure of the Speckled Band," which thrilled readers more than a score of years ago. But lovers of *Sherlock Holmes* are not too particular, and it must be admitted that in many cases Sir Arthur has more than paralleled his earlier yarns. In "His Last Bow," two or three of the eight adventures—notably "The Adventure of the Bruce-Partington Plans"—are fully the equal of any he has done.

Years ago, when the first series of "adventures" was running in the *Strand*, there was one entitled "The Adventure of the Cardboard Box." When the tales were gathered into that first surprising collection, "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes," this story was omitted and has not been reprinted since. The reason is said to have been Dr. Doyle's regret that he had, for the first and last time, written a story involving a woman's good name with a bad odor, and his determination to suppress the narrative so far as possible. I know nothing about this, but so I have heard or read. At any rate, that story is included in "His Last Bow," and now, so far as is known, all the *Sherlock Holmes* stories that Sir Arthur has written have been published between covers.

Let us hope there will be more, some day; but, if not, let us be grateful that we have had as many as we have, and that *Sherlock Holmes* is "still alive and well, though somewhat crippled by occasional attacks of rheumatism."

And, too, we have still with us Mr. William Gillette, who does not only play *Sherlock Holmes*, but is *Sherlock Holmes*. Physically, intellectually, spiritually, he is the immortal detective, himself, and the drama "Sherlock Holmes" is in effect a new and diverting adventure, for all that it is largely made up of half a dozen of the old ones, and for all that its final curtain catches *Holmes* in the incredible act of laying a woman's head upon his shirt-front.

Mr. Gillette, too, has paid the penalty of popularity, and he, too, has vowed that *Sherlock Holmes* has permanently retired. But in this connection, also, there is a grain of comfort for the myriad admirers of the celebrated sleuth. Mr. Gillette has been "movie-ized" in the part, and now we are assured that, with the fascinating volumes of Dr. Doyle, posterity will have also the remarkable portrayal of the living detective by America's best-loved actor.

♦♦♦♦

The Old Bookman

CONFESIONS OF LEARNED IGNORANCE

By Horace Flack

XLVIII. CONCERNING THE SUBLIME AND BEAUTIFUL.

WHAT is the sublimest passage in the literature of Europe? As it is not decided by Longinus, "De Sublimitate," or by Burke "On the Sublime and Beautiful," every one must decide for himself. For myself, I have already decided. Suppose that I love beauty, that I love quiet, that having "suffered many things already in war and on the waves" in a world I have found troublesome, I might select a paradise, with no serpent and no forbidden fruit in it, with sunny hills, with clear streams, with shaded and flowergrown banks, where bees hum in tune to the murmur of sparkling water, running down to white beaches on which blue waves lap drowsily, with never wind enough to make a whitecap on them; and with this, freedom from care, a sure release from want and pain, not another white hair around my temples, immortality, everlasting youth, an assimilation of my nature to that of the demigods; and to crown it

all, the everlasting devotion of a goddess, more beautiful than the Argive Helen?

They say that every man has his price. If this were offered me as an escape from storm and shipwreck, struggle and beggary, followed by a contest for my own ground with odds a hundred to one against me, what would I do? I might ask time to deliberate, before I refused: without being considered unusual, might I not? It seems to me that I have had offers already of this general nature, without exact specifications. I have been assured at least, that if I do not sell my soul to the Devil or his authorized agents; that if I hold out, calling it my own to my last breath, I may have a Hereafter which will suit me exactly—as perhaps I might be suited under the specifications above for a thousand years or so—provided the goddess in the case were not engaged in world-politics and were not too distressingly modern.

I say that under Burke's definition of the sublime and beautiful, which I prefer to any other, I might find this opportunity to realize my aspirations worth long consideration. And in several respects I acknowledge my modern superiority to the Ithican Ulysses, who when this offer was made to him on Calypso's island, declined it at once on no other ground than that he had his mind made up to do something else. He acknowledged with candor that what he had made up his mind to do might turn out worse for all concerned, and especially for himself. If so, he said that he had stood enough already to be able to stand that also. Whereupon, he left his paradise, gave up immortality, everlasting youth and assimilation to the nature of the half-gods—merely that he might reach home. There, though he had the best wife in the world, he was remembered well enough to be recognized only by his old and neglected dog which crawled from the ash-heap to his feet, to die in attempting to lick his hand. So I learn for the first time how easy it is for a dog to be sublime.

According to Burke, the sublime and beautiful defines itself in that which moves us to astonishment and love. When in music which fits the thought, Homer tells me, as above, what a man who is much less faithful than a dog—who in fact is no better than the rest of us—may do when he has his mind made up, I am moved to astonishment by that passage as by nothing else I know of in the literature of Europe since it began. The man who could write this astonishing thing must have lived it first himself. He must have asked himself: "Which is better, to take my price, or to hold my purpose?" And when the only price his imagination could conceive as worth his while was higher than the heaven other men had been taught to long for, I say that there is nothing else in the literature of Europe as astonishing as the instantaneous answer that the man who cannot make up his own mind and hold his own purpose would better not have been born at all. According to Alexander Pope, who learned much from rewriting Homer, we are to choose "what conscience dictates to be done" in spite of our hopes of heaven or fears of hell; but the Ithican Ulysses was a man without a conscience. He had no idea of what conscience meant and in its stead he had nothing but a purpose.

While I know of nothing else in all the old books of Europe I have collected which compares with this, I do not say that the idea is more sublime than any whose expression is still possible on earth. I once saw a bluet blooming in a March snow-storm. I do not know that anything in the literature of any language is better calculated to excite astonishment and love than a bluet (so small that I suppose God must have thought it), holding its purpose by blooming in the snow as the first flower of the year.

"Lifting its fair face from a clod, half-frozen,
Bearing the chill wind as a high soul bears it,
Chosen to dare first what all others dare not,
Brave blooms the bluet."

Thumbnail Reviews

By Clover Hartz Seelig

On my table are nine books, all of the family of *libre*, it is true, but there all kinship ends. Some are novels, some are plays, some are essays and some are good.

I chose the first one, "The Wishing-Ring Man" by Margaret Widdemer (Henry Holt & Co.) because I was looking for pure romance. The book palpitates with it. There is golden-haired Joy clad in amber satin, who meets "Him" on a dark stairway. "He" is a grave doctor man, more heroic than medical. For nothing but a maiden's whim she becomes engaged to "Him" without consulting "Him" and before she knows "Him" by any other name than *Jack*. If you want an unsuspected and condescending thrill, pretend you are not more than nineteen-and-a-half and play with *Joy* and *Jack* until they marry and live happily ever afterward. It will not hurt you,—because the name of the villainess is *Gail Maddox*.

Then, because I am old, I chose "Sentiment" by Vincent O'Sullivan (Small, Maynard & Co.). Why Mr. O'Sullivan called it that I do not know, unless to bait an innocent fry like myself. Sentiment, in the abstract, is still scented and sweet, but this sentiment is shallow and sordid. The story is well told. Loving Auntie wants to make a benedict of bachelor nephew. She has some difficulty because nephew almost belongs to a young woman—of dubious tendencies, quite common to the modern sex. However, nephew falls in love a second time, with approved girl, while rival falls in love with nephew's first girl. It ends in marriage and war. A rather amusing and well-conducted incident in the story is the accusation of being a poet which pursues nephew throughout the tale. Loving aunt proclaims him a poet. So, accommodating nephew commits a Swinburne sonnet which he declaims to a stupid audience, who know good poetry but not Swinburne. The rival alone detects the plagiarism. But he hugs his knowledge until an opportune time to show up the hero's baseness. But he lets his opportunities slip by. Finally they meet at the end of the story, both are about to embark on a risky marital voyage, with each other's girl. They are so overcome with sympathy for each other that they grip hands in pity. Neither envies the other. Mr. O'Sullivan has cruel insight and a keen pen, but no—sentiment.

For a change I tried "Problems of the Playwright" by Clayton Hamilton (Henry Holt). These are charming essays, charmingly done. This book belongs to the good lot. Hamilton is historian, artist and classic critic. He gives a history of the development of the play that is enlightening. He tells us frankly that America has no comedy of manners—because we have no manners. His style is graceful, philosophical and meditative. He recalls Lamb and rivals Barrie, sometimes. When he is critic, he does not destroy, he constructs with a wistful and helpful criticism that is fascinating. Read it, whether you are a playwright or not. Surely you hope to be. Everybody does—to-day. Read it whether you have outgrown the make-believe of the

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theatre or not. There is a perspective in it that is illuminating.

Then I looked at H. G. Dwight's "Persian Miniatures" (Doubleday, Page & Co.). My glance wandered, perhaps, because the war unfits one for delicacies of this sort. But that should not lessen the value of the book. It is a moving-picture of oriental life, interesting, detailed, local and living. But Mr. Dwight's method is cloudy, his medium is circumscribed. He seems to be thinking of Walter Pater or some other "stylist"—and does himself a gross injustice by a gross imitation. I wish he would purge his style of its stylism.

"Bottled Up in Belgium" by Arthur B. Maurice (Moffat, Yard & Co.) belongs to the good lot. Mr. Maurice is calm and ever restrained in his narrative of atrocities. We know all he has to tell us, but we never hear it enough. Mr. Maurice uncorks his story for us with a dexterity that gives sparkle and tang to the contents.

Two exotics lured me. But after I tried them I discovered only one was exotic and that was "Sacrifice and Other

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Plays" by Rabindranath Tagore (The Macmillan Co.). One ought to don Indian robes, sit beneath the eternal stars with the fateful pulse of the tom-tom beating in the distance, when reading Tagore. To understand and forgive him you must get into sympathy with him, with mystery and with—shall I say it?—platitudes, which he disguises with poetical mysticism. Tagore is a Hooverite; he is meatless. Yet, there is plenty of flesh in Tagore, but he veils it beneath oriental allegory. I would like Tagore—if I had more time. He sings of great and heroic virtues, but his voice is thick with sweet wines made of sour grapes. He doesn't get anywhere and maybe he knows the way he is on, but most of us occidentals can't follow.

"The Heart of O Sono San," written by the author of "My Lady of the Chi-

nese Court Yard" and published by Stokes sounds like soft music. It is beautifully done and acquaints one with the problem of Japanese womanhood. Mrs. Cooper, in spite of her book's singing title and plum-tree landscape, is too western and too practical to carry you completely into this land of myths and legends, haunted by the gods. She does picture the awakening of the Japanese woman, her emancipation, her native sophistication and her fatalistic submission. But I wish Mrs. Cooper would write of the heart o' Peg.

Then I turned to "Marching Men" by Sherwood Anderson (John Lane), "The Making of an American" by M. E. Ravage (Stokes), and "The Rise of David Levinsky" by Abraham Cahan (Harper's). The three books are related because they treat of the struggles

of Labor. They are socialistic—the last named, backhandedly, ironically. "The Making of an American" is a straightforward, manly exposition of the emigrant's problem when he comes to America. He paints plainly and bitterly the alien's own degradation. He does not altogether blame the America of Americans. It is a mirror, which Ravage holds up relentlessly, but with a cunning humor, and you can see yourself, be you emigrant, American, philanthropist or pretender. Ravage takes himself seriously in a way most Americans don't. Sometimes you think it's a pity they don't. Then again you're glad. Mr. Ravage gets on your nerves now and again; he's so superior—unconsciously so, of course.

I have noticed that a book bearing the title, "The Rise of Someone or Something,"—save only Motley's "Dutch Republic," is not a rise at all, but a fall, so "The Rise of David Levinsky" is really his fall. It is the story of the emigrant's troubles in America. Mr. Ravage's book is more of a treatise while Cahan's is a novel. *David* is an emigrant, a Jew, with the "love bug." He never gets rid of it. There is a pathetic and a careful analysis of the New York Ghetto, but *David* forfeits all sympathy because the poor fellow is always succumbing to sex. Boarding-house landladies are his appointed "meat." He becomes a millionaire and lives in luxurious bachelor quarters, but he is ever looking for trouble. Cahan gives a comprehensive account of the development of the cloak industry in New York, that is more than enough to make the book a good one. He is a success. As you observe this success, you say, "Well, failure is better." That's where the book gets in its deadly work.

"Marching Men" is also a novel—but a clean, strong one. It tells the story of a red-headed giant, too big for the mining town in Pennsylvania, where he was born. He goes to Chicago, and by sheer impertinence of brawn and brain, makes a man of himself. His contempt and actual hatred for the weakness and disorder of his own class become the factors of his later strength. He becomes a socialist lawyer and a labor organizer, but in the big, humanitarian sense. He wants no brotherhood of love, but of work, and his organization of "marching men" is not for strikes, but for strength. He is a bold dreamer, sure always of his purpose. For a moment you fear that sex will get him, but she doesn't. You close the book, echoing Anderson's own doubt and hope of ever attaining order and harmony in the world of marching men.

Mr. Butterworth, the grocer, was looking over the credit sales slips one day. Suddenly he called to the new clerk: "Did you give George Callahan credit?" "Sure," said the clerk. "—" "Didn't I tell you to get a report on any and every man asking for credit?" "Why, I did," retorted the clerk. "I did get a report. The agency said he owed money to every grocer in town, and, of course, if his credit was that good I knew that you would like to have him open an account here."

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(Third Floor)



STIX, BAER & FULLER

Lord and Lady Algy

By Silas Bent

William Faversham put in large type at the top of his programme for the revival of "Lord and Lady Algy," now running at the Broadhurst theatre in New York, the names of himself, Maxine Elliot, Irene Fenwick and Macklyn Arbuckle. Such a galaxy might well have tempted a manager less meticulous to resort to the adjectival use of that poster phrase, "all-star;" but Mr. Faversham contents himself with speaking of the two-score others as a "specially selected cast." The managerial restraint thus exercised is admirably in evidence throughout the presentation of a wholesome and highly amusing farce.

One wonders at first why Mr. Faversham turned the calendar back seventeen years to select R. C. Carton's play for an offering. So much water has run under the American dramatic bridges in this period that even to a somewhat unsophisticated palate "Lord and Lady Algy" has a slight flavor of mustiness. It is not "modern," and it does not offer an opportunity for a full display of Mr. Faversham's exceptional histrionic gifts. But he is a manager as well as an actor. He realizes that in a war-ridden world the theatre-goer wants to be light-hearted for the nonce; and the laughter which greets this play is for the most part almost as gay and irresponsible as childhood.

Irresponsibility is a recognized factor in farce. So is *double entente*, in most

farcies, but not in this. "Lord and Lady Algy" is of that higher order which, while making convenient use of coincidence, even the introduction into *Lord Algy's* apartments of an affectionately inscribed photograph of *Mrs. Tudway*, whom he doesn't know, never imposes upon credulity nor affronts good taste.

When the play opens *Lord Algernon Chetland* and his wife are separated. He likes Turkish cigarettes and she prefers Egyptian; and then, although he admits that she knows the good points of a horse, they never could agree about a race, the consequence being that she too often picked the winner. One cannot imagine anything more galling than a wife of sporting proclivities who is more successful at the track than oneself. It would undermine the very foundations of domestic comity, especially in such circumstances as *Lord Algy's*, financially much the worse for his poor judgment of thoroughbreds. It is because he is living alone that his brother, the *Marquis of Quarby*, wishes to meet *Mrs. Tudway* at his apartments, and leaves the photograph there for purposes of identification.

It is unnecessary to describe at length the series of amusing situations which grow out of this. Not only does *Tudway*, an old friend, come to suspect *Lord Algy*, but his wife's confidence in him is shaken for a time. The complications are carried dexterously from the Piccadilly flat to a costume ball the next evening at *Tudway's* house in Mayfair, and thence back to the flat for satisfactory adjustment.

Mr. Faversham and Miss Elliot have the title parts. He is a skilled exponent of light comedy, an actor of proved poise and finish. In the prolonged drunken scene he does not for a moment overdo the part—he is "lit" like a cathedral, but, if I may use the word, he is convincing even so. Not once does he transgress the bounds of legitimate humor.

Maxine Elliot's sumptuous beauty is perhaps more glowing with time. My companion, who had not seen her for eighteen years, assured me she looked younger than ever. She deserved the hearty welcome accorded her, and her opulent loveliness enhanced even the gorgeous stage-setting of the second act.

Macklyn Arbuckle had the part of *Brabazon Tudway*. I do not remember having seen in years another comedian who so effectually subordinates the spoken word to action and acting. With Arbuckle the "business" of his part is indigenous to the situation. He does not wipe imaginary perspiration from under his collar nor fumble in bewilderment with the furiture. Without one funny line he gets half the laughs of the play. Bulked capacious in him, *Tudway* is in fact the rich vulgarian, by turns expansively confiding and secretive, choleric, robustious, open-handed.

In the second act, when *Tudway*, masked, appears unexpectedly at the costume ball his wife is giving, in order to spy upon her and *Lord Algy*, the situation approaches burlesque. To carry

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it off requires superior ability and an abundance of high spirits. Arbuckle is equal to the severity of the test. In a situation which in less capable hands would chill the audience, he continues uproariously funny.

Mrs. Tudway, a devourer of fictional confections, romantic and lightheaded and disgusted with her husband because he breaks china in his fits of rage at her, is presented vivaciously by Irene Fenwick. That versatile actor, Lumsden Hare takes the part of the *Marquis of Quarmby*, whose parliamentary aspirations are for the moment forgotten in a flirtation with her. Both characters are somewhat overdrawn, but their interpreters succeed admirably in making them lifelike.

Philip Leigh, who played *Mawley Jemmett*, the jockey who rode "Dewdrop" to defeat, thus putting the last straw upon *Lord Algy's* purse, added another characterization to a gallery of considerable proportions, in view of the actor's youth. (It may be said that although "Dewdrop" lost the race, thus ruining *Lord Algy*, it was won by "Flickamaroo," upon whose fortunes *Lady Algy* had wagered all, even her necklace; so that her winnings more than compensated the losses when she agreed, at the close of the play, that

she would rather smoke Turkish the rest of her life.) And special mention should be made of the grotesque impersonation of *Mrs. Vokins* by Florine Arnold. The score of guests at the *Tudway* ball added brilliancy, in their eighteenth century costumes, to that brilliant scene.

An imposing list of modistes, designers and property men is appended to the programme as having contributed to the mounting of the play. Ben Ali Haggan drew the designs for the gowns worn by Miss Elliot and Miss Fenwick in the second act, and the setting was drawn by Howard Greenley. Mr. Faversham has spared no pains nor expense to make "Lord and Lady Algy" pleasing throughout, and the production properly ranks as a noteworthy offering of the year.

♦♦♦

Coming Shows

Julia Sanderson and Joseph Cawthorn are coming to the American next week in "Rambler Rose." This is altogether one of the most charming musical comedies that has been staged in recent years, and both Miss Sanderson and Mr. Cawthorn are given generous opportunities for displaying their particular abilities. There are numerous catchy songs—the music of the piece is by Victor Jacobi—probably the funniest

one being "Poor Little Rich Girl's Dog" sung by Joseph Cawthorn. The first act occurs at a fashionable girls' school in England, the second at a smart studio in Paris and the third in the casino gardens at Deauville.

The attraction at the Jefferson the coming week will be Gus Hill's black-faced minstrels, an aggregation of singers, dancers and comedians headed by George Wilson. The cast includes John P. Rogers, famous bass minstrel soloist; Jack McShane, robust tenor; and the Musical Cales. Mr. Hill promises a scenic production that for scientific and elaborate stage settings, flashing costumes, wit and general entertaining features has not been surpassed in the minstrel field.

The insistent demands of Orpheum patrons is to be rewarded next week by a return engagement of Nan Halperin in an entirely new cycle of character songs. Other acts will be the Four Mortons in "Then and Now;" Sam Mann and company in a new farce called "The Question;" Lester Sheehan and Pearl Regay in five-foot dancing; Arthur Deagon with new songs; O'Neil and Sexton in a minstrel act; Chinko and company in an ensemble of amusing hits; Prevost and Brown for a few minutes of foolishness; and the Orpheum travel weekly.

Minstrel fans will have two chances at their favorite brand of theatrical entertainment next week—Gus Hill's

minstrels at the Jefferson and J. M. Busby's at the Imperial. This latter organization has been on tour for eleven years and presents a real old-time darky minstrel show. The company boasts thirty-two colored entertainers, a negro band and orchestra, and a chorus of handsomely gowned girls. High-class ballads, late comic songs, and old negro melodies make up the first part; the second part is a vaudeville bill the last number of which is "A Trip to the Darktown Athletic Club" where two of the actors stage a fight between "Joe Gans" and "Sam Langford."

"Flirtation," a Menlo Moore musical satire on college life, will lead the bill at the Grand Opera House next week; Dorothy Van and Frank Ellis are featured prominently. Other numbers are the Tivoli Girls and Hill in a dancing and cycling novelty which includes a dog impersonation; Adams and Thomas in "After the Ball;" the three Misses Weston in a musical act; Coleman Goetz, the young song writer, who will sing his own songs; Foley and Massimo, acrobats; Robert and Roden in vaudeville oddities; Carlotta, the "human dragon;" and the Universal weekly.

The Bowery Burlesques will produce at the Gayety theatre next week two brand new burlettas called "A Day at Lobster Beach" and "A Night in New York Town," advertised to excel in peculiarly burlesque qualities anything heretofore presented at that theatre this season. The company includes Billy Foster, Frank Harcourt, Jack Hayden, Edna Green, Grace Anderson, Libby Hart and Belle Stoller.

"The Monte Carlo Girls" will offer two burlettas entitled "Fun in a Railroad Station" and "Here and There" at the Standard next week. The comedy, costumes and scenery is just a little different from the ordinary burlesque show, while the company is of the best, including Frank Rags Murphy, Gravy Hudgins, Arthur Laning, Laura Houston, Violet Buckley and Sarah Hyatt.

♦♦♦

Symphony

Willem Willeke, one of the foremost living cellists, will be the soloist at the Friday afternoon and Saturday evening concerts this week, playing a concerto never before heard here and using a practically priceless instrument—one of the four Amatis still in existence. Willeke has appeared here a number of times as a member of the famous Kneisel Quartette. The programme follows:

Goldmark—Symphony No. 1, "The Rustic Wedding," Opus 26.
Moderato molto. (Wedding March with Variations).
Allegretto (Bridal Song).
Allegretto moderato scherzando (Serenade).
Andante (In the Garden).
Finale: Allegro molto (Dance).
D'Albert—Concerto for Violincello, C Major, Opus 20.
Allegro Moderato.
Andante con moto.
Allegro Vivace.
(First time.)
Elgar—Overture, "In the South."
(First time.)

Conductor Zach has arranged an all-American programme for the Sunday afternoon "Pop." Miss Gladys Stevenson, a young pianiste of this city who has won distinction in the east, will be the soloist. Every number except that played by the soloist is by an American composer—one by our own Ernest Kroeger—and most of them are on American subjects.

- March "Louisiana" Van der Stucken
- Prelude to "The Delectable Forest" Ballantine

3. Symphony No. 4, D Minor, Op. 64 ("North, East, South and West") Third movement only. "South." *Scherzo: Allegretto giocoso.*
 4. Concerto for Piano, No. 4, D Minor, Op. 70 Rubinstein (First Movement only.) *Moderato*
 5. Suite, "Lalla Rookh" Kroeger Cavalcade.
 Dance of the Girls of the Pagoda.
 Wedding Festival.
 6. Waltz, "Wedding of the Winds"

J. T. Hall

A Handful of Verse Books

By Henry T. Sechrist

If one takes at random a number of books of verse of recent writing he will find an interesting study. For instance, here is a delightful book of child verses, intended for the reading of grown-ups, as the writer wisely says. "The Little God" is the title and the author is Katharine Howard, published by Sherman-French, Boston. The little god is the little boy who speaks in the verses. Those interested in the child-mind and in its interpretation of the things about it will be well repaid for hunting out this little volume. "I wonder lots of things" is the key to all the charming verses and assures us that a real child mind is speaking through the older judgment. Attractive illustrations by the author appear in the margin.

"The Road to Everywhere" is the inviting title of a book of poems by Glenn Ward Dresbach. Life is the road to everywhere. These poems are well worth gathering into a volume. It is not great poetry but there is promise of something stronger. There is here an attempt to do in poetry what some artists have attempted with the brush, show forth the idealistic side of the world of work. The "Ode on the Completion of the Panama Canal" is a genuine accomplishment in the union of idealism and practicality with poetic ideas and expression. It may justly be considered an addition to American idealism. Reading such verses is time well spent by even the busy worker. (The Gorham Press, Boston.)

David Barney looks in a different direction for his inspiration, and writes of "Dust of Stars." (John Lane, New York.) These are genuine songs, with much lyric movement and charm. In "The Fall Piper" there are fine description and a rare suggestion of the bird song. Those of us who cannot endure the extreme forms of the supposedly "formless" new verse will find here enough that is wholesome to allow us to taste of it. A group of sonnets and some sea poems are more thoughtful but less lyrical. The writer will do well to follow his bent toward distinctly lyrical expression.

Not so much that is favorable can be said of these "Nine Poems From a Valetudinarium" by Donald Evans. There is something mysterious about them, as there is to most people about the title. Some explanatory word would have increased the interest. "Apologia Pro Vita Sua," hardly clears matters. A "valetudinarium" is a hospital near a camp, and there is a hint of war throughout. One of the two distinctly war poems is probably the best of all, "The Hero." The curious mind will find substance here, especially

when the poem is read in comparison with the writer's lighter verse. (Nicholas L. Brown, Philadelphia.)

In contrast with even such moderately good poetry and in wide contrast with the best of modern verse is such writing as is found in "My Marjonary" by Robert Carlton Brown. It is difficult for one who loves real poetry to see why good paper and binding should be wasted in printing these words, or attempts at words. Perhaps the writer's "freres," to whom he dedicates his efforts, will understand. The prose is not poetry and the poetry is not prose; and the hunt must be diligent to discover much sense. It is a compilation of drivelling nonsense and affected coarseness. This, with some bad ethics, makes a book to cumber the world, though it is to be hoped its world will be a very small one. (Luce & Co., Boston.)

Keeping close company with such a book is Michael Strange's "Miscellaneous Poems." The best part about this volume is its plain title. Evidently the pretty picture of the young writer which accompanies the writings is intended to act the part of inducement to read and to serve as an introduction. An intelligent company, however, was unable to agree whether the picture was that of a boy or a girl. But one must admit that the picture is rather pretty. Morbid introspection and sentimental musings put into poor prose which affects to be poetry, would not be far from a correct description of most of the volume, especially of that part of it which is called "Moods." There is an exhibit of sensuousness bordering on sensuality. It can be seen, however, that the writer has a certain facility of expression which, with sane thought and some appreciation of poetic form, might be turned to good account. The student of the abnormal will find these so-called poems of interest. (Mitchell Kennerley, New York.)

Dear Dicky Davis

By Ruth Mather

Already pronouncements have been made upon the literary works of Richard Harding Davis which seem just, reasonable, and unlikely to be reversed. Extremely talented, say his critics, and at the same time always essentially the journalist. Davis, however—Richard Harding—was much more than an author. He was a personality—the Prince Charming of the American public. To produce works of genius one must usually lead a life of loneliness—or else, going among men, dominate them to the point of tyranny. Davis had undoubtedly genius, but he chose to dissipate it—in no adverse sense of the word—to the ends of urbanity and the more immediate pleasure and happiness of those about him. Because of these considerations biographical matter relating to his life as a whole should have an interest beyond that, maybe, of his imaginative or reportorial writings. So one welcomes the volume of his "Letters and Adventures" as prepared for publication by his brother, Charles Belmont Davis (Scribner, New York).

The book contains chiefly letters by Richard Harding Davis himself, but also there are various others addressed to him by members of his family and more

Do You Need a Will?

If you were to die without one, the State would appoint someone to settle your estate and compel him to distribute your property according to certain fixed rules. Do you know what this distribution would be?

Are you quite satisfied with the portions of your estate that various relatives would get?

Would it interest you to read a short digest of non-technical language of the Missouri Inheritance Law? If so, write us for a copy, "Why a Will?"

Mississippi Valley Trust Company

Fourth and Pine

Marts and Money

On the New York exchange prices show an upward slant again. In numerous leading cases they denote gains ranging from two to five points. Manipulative activities are chiefly concentrated in the stocks of shipping companies, Mercantile Marine preferred and Atlantic, G. & West Indies in especial. The covetous demand is sustained by intimations that the government is about to take over a considerable number of vessels for coastwise service on terms highly remunerative to the owners. The present value of Mercantile Marine preferred is 100 $\frac{1}{4}$; this indicates a new maximum since the first of the year. In conformity with psychologic precedents, enthusiasts about this class of certificates feel absolutely certain that further material advances are inevitable. They look at you with a pitying smile when you insist that the quotations already show gains of more than thirty points. If you adhere to your attitude of doubt, they take you aside and tell you *à la staccato* that powerful banking interests have acquired big bunches of the certificates and that the quotations will easily go over the tops of 1917 and 1916. The same old bull dope, you see! Listening to it, one finds it difficult to keep a straight face. Of course it is not altogether improbable that new high marks may be established. Much depends upon the amounts of stocks acquired by insiders and their market affiliations at the low figures of a few months ago. In this connection it should be noted that thus far the most substantial improvement has taken place in the values of shares which are not largely owned by the public. The finance committee of the Union Pacific declared a regular quarterly dividend of \$2.50 the other day. On several previous occasions they had declared a regular \$2 and 50 cents extra. The immediate consequence of the good news was a rise to 120 in the stock's market value. This figure, also, denotes a new maximum for 1918, the previous top having been 118. On December 20 last the stock was purchasable at 100 $\frac{1}{4}$. The best price in 1917 was 149 $\frac{1}{4}$. It stands to reason that in re-establishing U. P. common upon a regular 10 per cent basis the finance committee was partly influenced by consideration of the prospective federal guarantee of interest and dividend payments. There can be no question, however, that the action taken

Richard's own letters are exactly what one would expect from him—straightforward, free and continuously a little humorous and fantastic, as though he were a trifle giddy with the rhythm of his replete experiences. In fact, it is impossible to think of him as dead—a fellow always so exuberantly energetic and alive. Also it is queer in a book of this posthumous character to encounter the names of so many celebrities still most actively contemporaneous—Ethel Barrymore, Winston Churchill, John T. McCutcheon, Theodore Roosevelt, Gouverneur Morris, and others. Of course this quota of present-day personages adds much to the popular appeal of the volume. Davis did seem to know everyone, and he went everywhere. His public writings as already published, however, were to so large an extent the records of his traveling tours, in times of both war and peace, that it is in the more intimate facts revealed by this correspondence we find the freshest information the book affords. And because he was a hero at home as well as in the world, his life makes the very best of reading. As for Mr. Charles Davis' editorship, he has effected his task with a simple modesty and directness of manner.

Thrifty Women

NINE TIMES OUT OF TEN the women are the money savers of the family. Men mean well enough. They know the value of having money in bank, but they haven't the knack of saving. They haven't learned the trick of making one dollar do the work of two in buying, and of laying the other dollar away for the rainy day that may come.

To encourage these thrifty women the Mercantile Trust Company has a Women's Department especially for their benefit and convenience. Those in charge will be pleased at all times to assist ladies who may desire to open a savings account, make out deposit slips or checks, and give any information that may be desired in reference to our ten departments.

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was amply warranted by the company's finances, even if proper allowance is made for shrinkage in earnings in recent times. The last year in which holders of the stock received regular quarterly dividends at the rate of \$10 per annum was 1913. The company has important holdings of investment stocks. They include \$22,500,000 Illinois Central, \$20,000,000 New York Central, \$4,018,000 Chicago & Northwestern common, \$3,594,035 Baltimore & Ohio common, and \$1,805,992 Baltimore & Ohio preferred. Other stocks owned, such as Chicago & Alton preferred and Chicago, M. & St. Paul preferred have proved disappointing investments. Nothing has been paid on the former since 1911; the dividend status of the latter is somewhat uncertain since the refusal of the directors to declare the usual semi-annual amount of \$3.50 a few weeks since. The full 7 per cent was not earned in 1917. Most of the securities held by the Union Pacific were bought in 1905 and 1906 at prices very materially higher than those now in effect. For New York Central E. H.

Harriman paid from 170 to 175. The current quotation is 71. Holdings of Illinois Central indicate a loss of about \$80. The annual statements of the company make adequate allowance for the severe losses incurred in these respects. Trading in railroad certificates still is of very moderate proportions, but a decided broadening is expected after enactment of the pending bill. There is no fear of disagreeable modifications of principal provisions. Traders inclined to display feelings of vexation on account of the relative torpidity of the railroad list are quietly told that it would be unpardonably indiscreet to start a sensational "bulge" while the bill remains under discussion in congress. Procedure of such sort would give aid and comfort to the enemy in the upper chamber, where Senator Cummins exhibits a dangerous degree of displeasure over the amount annually to be guaranteed. The quotations for automobile issues were but slightly affected by the declaration of a quarterly \$1.75 scrip dividend on Maxwell Motor first preferred. The event constituted an-

other interesting reminder, however, of the growth of conservative sentiment in industrial circles. The scrip will be dated April 14 and become due April 1, 1920, with interest at 6 per cent, payable every six months. The current quotation for Maxwell first preferred is 64. In 1916 the high record was 93. The second preferred, which is entitled to a non-cumulative rate of 6 per cent, still is quoted at a considerably lower price than the common, which is held at 29 at the moment. The latter stock paid three or four quarterly dividends of \$2.50 each in 1916-17, and rose to as high a notch as 99. Although the company fully earns the stipulated rates on both classes of preferred shares, the directors find it desirable to retain surplus income in the treasury, with a view to being well prepared for possible exacting emergencies. The propriety of their policy should be clearly apparent to every thoughtful stockholder. Latest developments in the loan market were not designed to promote the plans of advocates of higher prices on the stock exchange. Both call and time funds were firmly held at 6 per cent, and there were plain hints that still higher rates might be established in the near future. The weekly report of the clearing-house institutions disclosed a contraction of over \$60,000,000 in excess reserves. The total stood at \$29,251,000 above legal requirements. This is the poorest record in several months. (In December 15 last, the total was \$171,486,000. In prevailing circumstances, startling changes in loan and reserve items are quite in order. For this very reason, Wall street folks are not disposed to bestow much attention upon the figures published every Saturday. They stare and wrinkle their foreheads though when the blackboard indicates a sharp advance in rates for optional loans. Peace rumors played a minor part in market gossip lately. Tutored students of affairs are not susceptible to them so long as quotations for foreign bonds and exchange remain at or around existing levels. Drafts on Italy continue weak; they are quoted at almost 8.70, against a normal rate of 5.19. Franc and sterling bills are practically unchanged. The same can be said of drafts on neutral nations. The market for the bonds of Russia shows no betterment of moment. It is virtually dead. The 5½s are rated at 41; the 6½s at 47. In Europe, owners of Muscovite securities are said to be organizing with the intention of safeguarding their vested interests. There is a great multitude of them both in belligerent and neutral countries. The idea is that the powers at Petrograd can be induced, at some time or other, to abrogate the edict of utter repudiation. Possibly they can, though hardly during the régime of Lenin and Trotzky. Capitalism and the bourgeoisie are the *bêtes noires* of the *de facto* government. The London *Economist* furnishes some interesting data concerning the earnings of British industrial companies in war times. "First there was a slight decline. Then in the second year record profits were made, but by the third year the excess profits duty had come to check the rate of increase to a considerable extent. Among individual classes of companies, separately listed, the greatest gains were obtained

by land-holding, mortgage, and similar concerns, whose profits in 1917 were 40.8 per cent greater than in 1916. Next came rubber companies, with gains of 36.4 per cent, and breweries, with gains of 21.6 per cent. The actual money gain was greatest for rubber companies, which increased their profits by a total of about \$30,000,000. Shipping concerns, which gained tremendously in 1915, but by 1917 practically had been put under government control, gained only one-tenth of one per cent in net profits over 1916. Oil companies and shops and stores lost heavily." There is extreme reluctance in financial circles to express views as to the future. Nothing definite can be obtained anywhere. All opinion can be reduced to the three simple, candid words of Montaigne: "*Que sais-je?*" (What do I know?)—In his latest book "*La Démocratie et le Travail*," M. Gabriel Hanotaux, one of the leading statesmen and publicists of France, makes the following apt and shrewd remarks: "*En ce moment, je crois que tout le monde est comme moi; on voit quelque chose, mais on ne distingue pas très bien.*" (At this moment I believe that everybody feels as I do; one sees something but one cannot distinguish very well.) We behold nothing certain, or stable. Everything is in a flux.

Finance in St. Louis

They have a steady and promising kind of market on the local stock exchange. The principal attraction is National Candy common, the semi-annual dividend on which has been raised to \$1.50 to \$2.50. The current quotation is 42—a new top notch. It compares with a minimum of 5.50 in 1916. Approximately one thousand shares were transferred in the past few days. The board of directors has declared also the regular semi-annual \$3.50 both on the first and second preferred, quoted at 100 and 87.50, respectively. United Railways preferred shows a recovery from 18 to 22, and the 4 per cent bonds are quite firm, with sales at 56.25. The common stock remains in neglect. Fifty Ely-Walker D. G. common were lately sold at 104; five Missouri Portland Cement at 70; thirty International Fur preferred at 99; thirty-two International Shoe preferred at 106.50; eight Certain-teed common at 43, and four shares of the second preferred at 86. Trading in banking certificates still is of petty proportions. Ten Boatmen's brought 105, and twenty-five Commerce 116 the other day.

The 1917 report of the United Railways Co., lately given out, disclosed net income of \$642,975, against \$887,504 for 1916. The apparent decrease amounts to \$244,528. Total expenditures were \$12,577,286. This amount included taxes, depreciation and fixed charges. The total of taxes was \$853,161.38, against \$821,684.09 in 1916.

Latest Quotations

	Bid.	Asked.
Nat. Bank of Commerce	117	
Third National Bank	230	240½
United Railways com.	3½	4
do pfd.	18	18½
do 4s.		55¼
St. L. & Sub. gen. 5s		63¾
Fulton Iron com.	46	...
Ohio State Tel. pfd.	92½	...

Mo. Portland Cement	70
Ely & Walker com.	102 1/2
do 1st pfd	103
do 2d pfd	81 1/4
Brown Shoe com.	64 1/2
National Candy com.	65 1/2
do 2d pfd	36
Wagner Electric	89 1/2
Rocky Mt. com.	90
	164
	36

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Answers to Inquiries

W. S. R., Beaumont, Tex.—Studebaker common is a speculation rather than an investment. The current price of 51 is not especially cheap. While the 4 per cent dividend is considered safe, one must not overlook the unsettlement in industrial and commercial affairs, war taxes, and rising costs of operation. The captains of finance and industry show growing appreciation of counsels of prudence. They realize that this is an excellent time for accumulating and maintaining heavy cash balances. Of course, in a vigorous bull market Studebaker would advance ten or twelve points at least.

H. F. D., Macon, Mo.—An extensive and sustained rise in the value of Missouri Pacific is not likely in the near future. It will not be seen until the whole railroad list plunges forward. Wall street has it that the stock is quietly being absorbed by parties who intend to hold for two or three years. The decline from 38 1/2, the high notch in 1916, does not look abnormal. Unless you need the cash, you should not be in haste about liquidating at the present level.

CAPITALIST, St. Louis.—With the government preparing to guarantee surplus income and interest and dividend payments, it would certainly be inadvisable for you to sell Chicago, M. & St. Paul refunding 4 1/2s at the existing price of 68, which compares with a maximum of 98 1/2 in 1917. The administration's bill is expected to go through in a form satisfactory to owners of railroad securities. While the company's present financial position is not encouraging, there's some reason for the belief that pessimistic talk is overdone. An extraordinarily large proportion of surplus earnings has in recent years been "plowed in," and the good results should soon become apparent, particularly in the event of gratifying wheat harvests. Last year's spring wheat crop was much below normal.

READER, Clayton, Mo.—If you can afford to run the risks involved, go ahead and try your hand at speculation in Pacific Mail. Stocks of this sort are quite the fashion nowadays. The Pacific Mail Co. is doing a highly profitable business, and will continue doing it for some years. Thus far, that is, since change in control, the stock has not made much of a splash on the exchange. The top mark in 1917 was 30 1/2. National City Bank interests are closely connected with the company.

INQUIRER, Utica, N. Y.—Brooklyn Rapid Transit is quoted at 44 1/2, against 82 in January, 1917. This indicates serious doubts as to the stability of the 6 per cent dividend. A cut to 4 per cent is discounted. This being the case, it should be the proper thing for you to buy another certificate at the first favorable chance, say at about 40, so as to average up on your holdings.

J. McG. T., San Bernardino, Calif.—Would recommend sticking to Western Pacific preferred, now quoted at 56 1/2, against 35 1/2 about two months ago. The 6 per cent yearly dividend rate, lately initiated, is earned, and will doubtless be maintained indefinitely. For eleven months of 1917 the company has reported a surplus of \$2,329,139, after fixed charges. This shows about 1 per cent on the common, after the full 6 per cent on preferred, which is non-cumulative. In a favorably circumstanced market, the preferred would be likely to rise to 75.

TYRO, Centralia, Ill.—Lee Rubber & Tire stock is a poor speculation. There's no prospect of a resumption of payments in the next twelve months. Present price is 13, against a high mark of 56 1/2 in 1916. If you wish to buy something, select a dividend-payer. Plenty of choice.

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A Disciple of Shaw

The name of Granville Barker is so well known in many dramatic ventures and adventures that he needs no introduction to a public versed in stage history. Though still in the prime of life—having just reached the age of forty—Mr. Barker has gained success and fame in so varied a dramatic career as to be a notable figure.

As actor, manager, producer, playwright, he has contributed largely to the development of the modern theatre. Through his agency (as manager of the Court theatre) Mr. G. B. Shaw achieved a popularity through his acted drama which enhanced the vogue already won by his written plays.

Mr. Dickinson in his "Contemporary Drama of England" says: "Barker is the only man in England who, using the methods of close naturalism, has pressed forward the boundaries of art. Barker is like Shaw in liking discussion, in feeling that ideas are among the most important things in the world. But he is unlike Shaw in being an artist."

In reading "Rococco" the first of "Three Short Plays" (Little-Brown, Boston), one with no knowledge of the Shaw association would guess it at the opening page. The first words in the first scene of the first act serve as earmarks:

"Do you know how ugly the drawing-room of an English vicarage can be? Yes, I am aware of all that there should be about it; the old world grace and charm of Jane Austen. One should sit upon Chippendale and glimpse the grey Norman church tower through the casement. But what of the pious foundations of a more industrial age, churches built in mid-nineteenth century and rather scamped in the building, dedicated to the glory of God and the soul's health of some sweating and sweated urban district?"

This Shavian sort of introduction rambles on amusingly through three and a half pages of the printed play (there is an acting edition which may be less juicy). It is interspersed with such exclamations as "Stick a pin into him, Mary," until one arrives at the real dialogue of the play and the realization of the extraordinary situation that a vicar of the Church of England is supine upon a hardwood floor scarcely softened



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Sargent's Rockefeller

AT KNOEDLER'S

In the older masters we follow the light on the donor's face to its source, to the Sacred Person of whom the donor has something to ask, with joined hands. Sargent, who paints what he sees, the harvest of an exact eye being the only one he cares to gather, shows us the marks which old thoughts and wishes and hopes have made on the aged lighted face, and which a new hope is making. Not the substance of the hope, not the source of the light.

This modern donor does not pray. His prayers have been answered. He has said good-bye to a long lifework. He is almost at peace. Perhaps a habit of getting what he wanted out of this world has given him a certain confidence in the next. In the light of this confidence he is sitting, mildly hopeful, almost serene in the certitude that no donor in old times ever gave so much. In the bending of the shoulders, and in the instinctive purpose of the folded arms to protect the body against a chill in his own nature, or against the enmity of a world he has vanquished, there is something furtive. A touch, no more, and a yet lighter touch of the same on his face, as if he still remembered a furtiveness the need of which has gone. His way may have been devious, and except for strength of mind and will somewhat inglorious, but it was his own way, and a sense of sanctity has attended him.

Mild, righteous, with the gentlest hint of faded slyness, he has dignity and distinction and power to move us. There is pathos in the contrast between

energies that once ran so high and this lighted head of an old man, with its faith in something. There is pathos in the contrast between this bodily feebleness of age and the physical force, youthful by its freshness of vision and its certainty of hand, in the actual painting.

As your eye goes over the canvas, you feel as if Sargent's mastery were yours, and you are exhilarated. That is one reason why people breathe so deep and free when they look at this picture. Sargent lends us his power to see beauty where we could not. These trousers and this coat were uninteresting stuffs until Sargent saw them in his own way, until he painted them with such a mastery of drapery and surface that now they take their place beside those furs and old brocades that the donors wear in the old pictures. And the donor backgrounds, landscapes and little towns of loveliness, could he have given a place beside these to a country house near Cleveland? He could. Is the drapery across the knees of the Victory of Samothrace composed with greater beauty than the folds of Mr. Rockefeller's trousers? — From *The New Republic*.

♦♦♦

New Books Received

Orders for any books reviewed in REEDY'S MIRROR will be promptly filled on receipt of purchase price, with postage added when necessary. Address, REEDY'S MIRROR, St. Louis, Mo.

The Girl from KELLER's by Harold Bindloss. New York: F. A. Stokes Co.; \$1.40.

How a man turned failure into success through love for a spirited girl. A tale of the northwest.

♦♦♦

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